* Jan. 11, 1930

# THE NEW YORKER

Price 15 cents

TRADITIONALLY in past ages, the art of the colorist attained its loveliest development in china and porcelain. Restoring this ancient art, modern Crane potters produced such shades as the citrus yellow here seen in *Corwith* fixtures and shower receptor. Long ago as the bronze age, artists wrought metals into beautiful forms. Inspired by their memories, modern Crane metal workers created such exquisite bits as the faucets, wastes, and spouts that serve and adorn these fixtures. . . . Truly, the attention to detail that is the mark of fine work is found in all Crane plumbing materials, whether for such a room as this or for the most inexpensive cottage bathroom. For a full appreciation of the new beauty and comfort offered your home by the combined talents of potters, metal workers, designers, engineers, visit the nearby Crane Exhibit Rooms. For installation, see your architect and a responsible plumbing contractor.

*Valves* **CRANE** *Fittings*

FIXTURES, VALVES, FITTINGS, AND PIPING, FOR DOMESTIC AND INDUSTRIAL USE

*Crane Co., General Offices, 836 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago ✦ 23 W. 44th St., New York ✦ Branches and sales offices in one hundred and ninety cities*

# B. ALTMAN & CO.

FIFTH AVENUE AT THIRTY-FOURTH STREET
TELEPHONE: MURray Hill 7000
NEW YORK

# CHINA

*Befitting the Tables of Gourmets...*

*{Reading from lower left}*

**Ahrenfeldt** French china, gold raised print on a cobalt blue shoulder.

| | |
|---|---|
| Dinner Plates, a dozen | $210 |
| Tea Cups and Saucers | 195 |

**Royal Doulton** English bone china, gold incrustation on rim and brown enameled pattern.

| | |
|---|---|
| Dinner Plates | $128 |
| Tea Cups | 124 |

**Cauldon** English bone china, ivory shoulder with blue and white enameled edge. Gold medallion print.

| | |
|---|---|
| Dinner Plates | $150 |
| Tea Cups | 150 |

**Royal Doulton** English bone china, full dinnerware pattern with floral inserts in a green border.

| | |
|---|---|
| Dinner Plates | $65 |
| Tea Cups | 65 |

CHINA—FOURTH FLOOR

[Ooo! look at the dressy new package!]

ONCE SILK-EZE WAS EXCLUSIVE

Try it next time you wash your *gants lavables*—chamois or suede.

•

Only a few way-up New Yorkers knew about it and if they had kept it to themselves, it would still be exclusive. But no, they couldn't keep still about it. Before you could say "Jimmie Walker" it was all over town**

What's more, strangers in town—and we have quite a few—took Silk-Eze home with them and now there's scarcely a sizeable city in the whole country where the leading store doesn't display Silk-Eze on its Hosiery Counter.

There's nothing like this powdered olive oil soap for keeping silk stockings and undies sleek and shimmering. Something in it *restores the natural oil* in the silk most soaps dry out. Takes out grease and other spots without harming silk or wool.

Silk-Eze Corporation, 441 D Street, Boston, Massachusetts

Easier on your hands, too. Does not dry out the natural oil in your skin.

•

4 pkgs. for a dollar

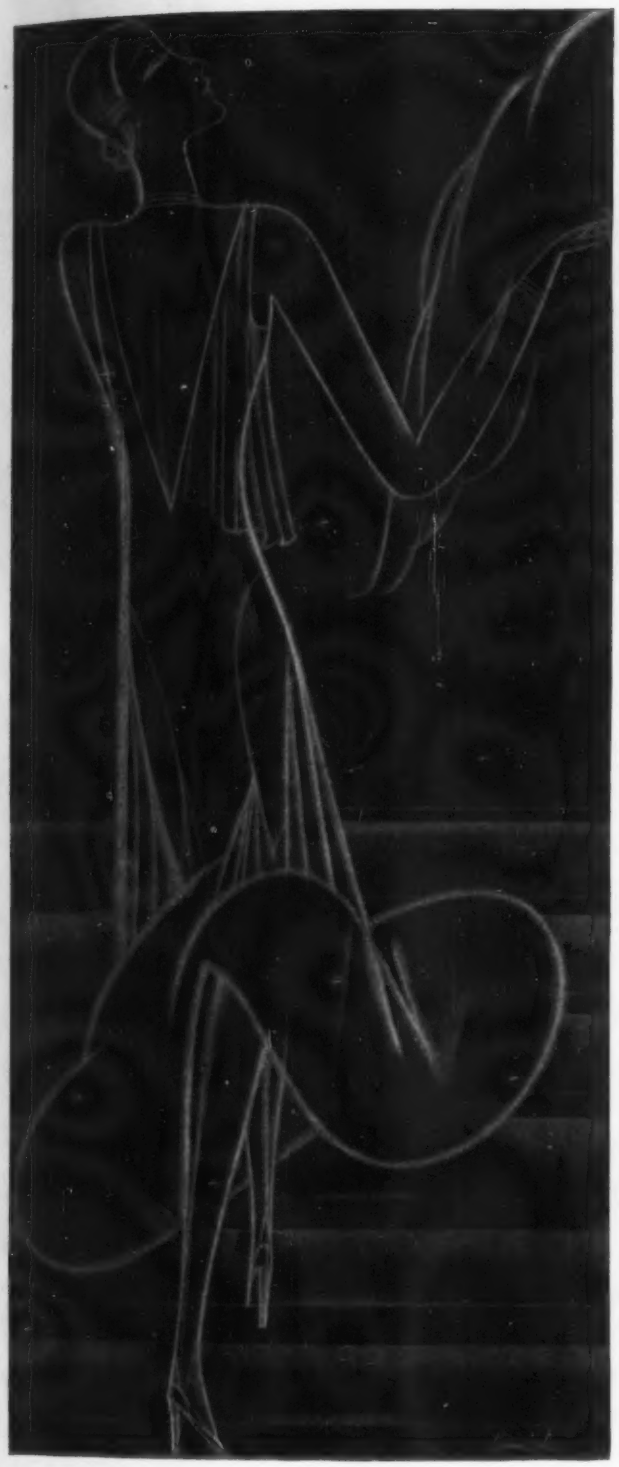
And for washing sweaters, wool sox, knit sports things, baby flannels—leaves them soft and downy.

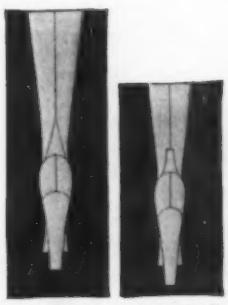
•

** *All over town*—at Lord & Taylor's, Bonwit-Teller's, Wanamaker's, Bergdorf-Goodman, Saks, Altman's, Arnold Constable's, Franklin Simon's, Stewart's, Gimbel's, Bloomingdale's or in Brooklyn at Abraham & Straus, Loeser's, Martin's, Oppenheim Collins, and at Shoe and Hosiery Shops such as J. & J. Slater, Walk-Over, Allen-A, Dexdale, etc., etc.

*Or wherever you buy your nicest silk stockings.*


THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by the F-R Pub. Corp., 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, pres.; E. R. Spaulding, vice-pres., C. E. Brindley, sec. and treas.; R. B. Bowen, adv. mgr. Subscriptions $5.00. Vol. V, No. 47, January 11, 1930. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1930, by the F-R Pub. Corp.





SLIPPER HEEL* SLENDO* HEEL

KAYSER assumes a new importance to the mode, for quality has returned to fashion... only the finest is smart... and Kayser quality is unexcelled. Pure thread silk gives the rare beauty of texture... pure dyes achieve the richness and subtlety of the lovely shades... precise fashioning assures a flawless fit. Styled with two noted heels..."Slipper Heel," pointed to create slender ankle lines..."Slendo" Heel, new, pertly narrow and flattering. Yet, this hosiery is amazingly inexpensive... from $1.35

# KAYSER SILK HOSIERY

*Trademark Reg.--Licensee Under Pat. No. 1,111,658--© 1930, J. K. & Co.

You may purchase Kayser Silk Products at all the better shops and at the Kayser Store, Fifth Avenue at 41st Street, opposite the Library

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS ESPECIALLY WORTH WHILE

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, JANUARY 10, THROUGH SATURDAY, JANUARY 18]

### THE THEATRE

(Unless otherwise noted, it is assumed that curtains will rise at 2:30 and 8:50 P.M. for attractions listed under "PLAYS;" at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M. for those under "WITH MUSIC;" and that the midweek matinée will be given on Wednesday. E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

#### *PLAYS*

BERKELEY SQUARE—Leslie Howard at his best (or anybody else's) in a ghost story with a metaphysical twist. (Lyceum, 45, E. 8:40 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

BIRD IN HAND—Drinkwater's ingenuous comedy, wherein three travellers become involved in the quarrel between an English innkeeper and his daughter. (Forrest, 49, W.)

BROKEN DISHES—A modest little comedy of the revolt of a downtrodden husband. Donald Meek makes it worth seeing. (Masque, 45, W.)

CANDLE-LIGHT—Some smart lines, Gertrude Lawrence, and fine performances by Reginald Owen and Ernest Glendinning, lending tone to a fairly thin little comedy of the old, old school. (Empire, B'way at 40.)

CIVIC REPERTORY THEATRE—Directed by Eva Le Gallienne—"Mlle. Bourrat," Claude Anet's play, with Josephine Hutchinson. (Fri. Eve., Jan. 10; Thurs. Mat., Jan. 16.) . . . "Peter Pan," successful revival of Barrie's fantasy. (Sat. Mats., Jan. 11 and 18.) . . . "Inheritors," by Susan Glaspell. (Sat. Eve., Jan. 11.) . . . "The Would-Be Gentleman," translated Molière. (Mon. Eve., Jan. 13.) . . . "La Locandiera," eighteenth-century Italian comedy. (Tues. Eve., Jan. 14.) . . . "The Living Corpse," Jacob Ben-Ami in Toistoi's play. (Wed. and Sat. Eves., Jan. 15 and 18.) . . . "The Sea Gull," Tchekov's moving play of love-distraught people. (Thurs. Eve., Jan. 16.) . . . "The Master Builder," Ibsen and Eva Le Gallienne. (Fri. Eve., Jan. 17.) (Civic Repertory, 14, W. of 6 Ave. 2:30 and 8:30 P.M.)

THE CRIMINAL CODE—A powerful drama showing the inexorable workings of criminal law, with a splendid performance by Arthur Byron. (National, 41, W.)

DEATH TAKES A HOLIDAY—Philip Merivale personifying a character named "Death" who mixes with mortals and finds out what it is like to have to die. Not quite as effective as it might have been. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W.)

THE FIRST MRS. FRASER—A pleasant, if not highly original, comedy by St. John Ervine, dealing with the wife who gets her first (and only) husband back. Grace George, A. E. Matthews, and Lawrence Grossmith make it what it is. (Playhouse, 48, E. 8:40 P.M.)

INSPECTOR KENNEDY—William Hodge very quietly unravelling a murder mystery for three acts. (Bijou, 45, W.)

IT'S A WISE CHILD—Comedy of small-town life crowded with amusing character and incident. (Belasco, 44, E. 8:40 P.M. Mat. Thurs. 2:40 P.M.)

JOURNEY'S END—The war as seen from a British officers' dugout. A singularly beautiful and moving play. (Henry Miller, 43, E. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

JUNE MOON—This play of Tin Pan Alley by Ring Lardner and George Kaufman has more laughs in it than all the other shows in New York put together. (Broadhurst, 44, W.)

METEOR—Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne back again, this time in a highly interesting play dealing with a superman married to a woman who wishes he wasn't. (Guild, 52, W. Mat. Thurs.)

MICHAEL AND MARY—A. A. Milne, having dropped winnying and poohing, writes a straightforward play which involves a man and wife who unwittingly kill somebody. With Henry Hull and Edith Barrett. (Charles Hopkins, 49, E. 8:40 P.M. Mat. Thurs. 2:40 P.M.)

SALT WATER—Frank Craven as a sea-loving ferryboat captain who has a pretty tough time of it. Amusing as only Frank Craven can make it. (Golden, 58, E.)

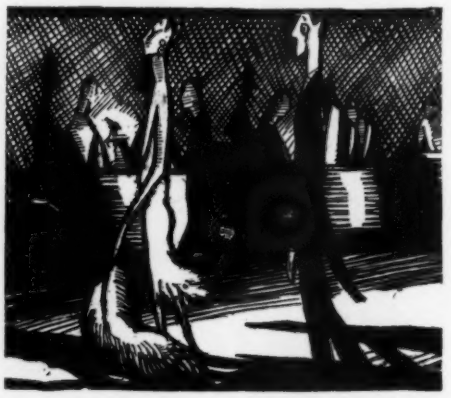
STREET SCENE—Magnificent objective study of a *crime passionnel* in a New York tenement. Now entering its second year on Broadway. (Ambassador, 49, W. 8:40 P.M.)

STRICTLY DISHONORABLE—Just about as entertaining and nice a comedy as there is to be found. The fact that it deals with seduction has no bearing on the matter. (Avon, 45, W. Mats. Wed. and Thurs.)

SUBWAY EXPRESS—More fun than you ever had in the subway. Murder before your very eyes. (Liberty, 42, W.)

#### *WITH MUSIC*

BABES IN TOYLAND—Last two days of this Victor Herbert revival. (Jolson, 7 Ave. at 59. Closes Sat., Jan. 11.)



BITTER SWEET—Miss Evelyn Laye as the charming heroine of an "operette" which sounds nothing like Noel Coward, who wrote it. (Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54. Mat. Thurs.)

EARL CARROLL'S SKETCH BOOK—Typical Earl Carroll show, with better comedy than usual and the same high-grade girls. (44th Street, 44, W. Mat. Thurs.)

FIFTY MILLION FRENCHMEN—Americans in Paris going at a great rate between the Ritz Bar and the American Express. Comical, with occasional raw spots. William Gaxton, Genevieve Tobin, Helen Broderick, and Cole Porter music. (Lyric, 42, W.)

GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDALS—Willie Howard and Frances Williams doing their best to make up for the old crew who aren't in it this year, and doing very well. (Apollo, 42, W.)

HEADS UP!—Victor Moore at his funniest as a cooking-inventor, in a regulation musical comedy with a Rodgers and Hart score. Assisted by Barbara Newberry, Jack Whiting, and Betty Starbuck. (Alvin, 52, W.)

THE LITTLE SHOW—A gay, spirited intimate revue, notable for its humor and a cast which includes Libby Holman, Clifton Webb, and Fred Allen. (Music Box, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)

SONS O' GUNS—Mr. Jack Donahue carrying the whole war on his shoulders, and very funny about it too. A good show. (Imperial, 45, W.)

SWEET ADELINE—One of the season's biggest musical hits, with Helen Morgan, Irene Franklin, and Charles Butterworth all dressed up in 1898 costumes. Jerome Kern music. (Hammerstein, B'way at 53.)

TOP SPEED—The latest of the fast-moving musicals, containing many of the jokes which you have heard before, but also Lester Allen, Irene Delroy, and Ginger Rogers. (46 Street, 46, W.)

WAKE UP AND DREAM—A strictly British revue, with Jack Buchanan, Jessie Matthews, and Tilly Losch. Its chief asset is its dancing. The rest you have seen before. (Selwyn, 42, W. Mat. Thurs.)

A WONDERFUL NIGHT—The score of Strauss' "Die Fledermaus," which is delightful, a production which is novel, and some dialogue which doesn't matter. (Majestic, 44, W.)

•

RUTH DRAPER—A one-woman repertory company that should be seen as often as possible. (Comedy, 41, E. Every Eve. except Mon. and Thurs. 8:50 P.M. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. 2:50 P.M.)

VAUDEVILLE—George Jessel and Lieutenant Gitz-Rice are at the Palace Fri., Jan. 10. Clayton, Jackson, and Durante will be there for the week starting Sat. Aft., Jan. 11. (Palace, B'way between 46 and 47. 2:15 and 8:15 P.M. daily; extra performance Sun. at 5:15 P.M.)

FOR CHILDREN—"Rip Van Winkle," Sat. Aft., Jan. 11; "The Land of Oz," Sat. Aft., Jan. 18. (Heckscher, 5 Ave. at 104. 2:30 P.M.)

#### *OPENINGS OF NOTE*

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify dates.)

STRIKE UP THE BAND—Clark and McCullough in a new show with George Gershwin music. Opens Tues., Jan. 14. (Times Square, 42, W. 8:30 P.M.)

WHEN HELL FROZE—A play by Wilbur Daniel Steele and Norma Mitchell, with Helen MacKellar. Opens Tues., Jan. 14. (Maxine Elliott, 39, E. 8:50 P.M.)

Opened too late for review in this issue:

CHILDREN OF DARKNESS—A play by Edwin Justus Mayer, with Basil Sydney and Mary Ellis. (Biltmore, 47, W. 8:40 P.M.)

WATERLOO BRIDGE—Glenn Hunter and June Walker in a new play by Robert E. Sherwood. (Fulton, 46, W.)

#### *DANCE RECITALS*

DANCE REPERTORY THEATRE—Tamiris, Fri. Eve., Jan. 10. . . . Martha Graham, Sat. Eve., Jan. 11. . . . Joint program—Martha Graham, Doris Humphrey, Charles Weidman, and Tamiris: Sat. Aft., Jan. 11, and Sun. Eve., Jan. 12. (Maxine Elliott, 39, E. 8:50 P.M.)

### *AFTER THEATRE ENTERTAINMENT*

*Better dress, but not obligatory.

AMBASSADOR GRILL, Park at 51 (Wickersham 1000)—Park Avenue atmosphere, with this season's débutantes.*

CENTRAL PARK CASINO (Rhinelander 3034)—Leo Reisman's orchestra; with dances by Tina Meller, and Dave Fitzgibbon and Jean Barry.*

CLUB LIDO, 7 Ave. at 52 (Columbus 2840)—A smart after-theatre crowd being entertained by Beatrice Lillie and the miraculous dancing of Moss and Fontana. Must dress.

CLUB MONTMARTRE, 205 W. 50 (Circle 6673)—Topnotch as usual; Emil Coleman's orchestra, with Murphy and Johnson dancing. Must dress.

CLUB RICHMAN, 157 W. 56 (Circle 3203)—High-hat Broadway; with Harry Richman, himself, and Miss Irene Bordoni.*

SEAGLADE, Hotel St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (Plaza 4500)—Vincent Lopez music and dances by Gomez and Winona. Must dress.

VILLA VALLÉE, 10 E. 60 (Volunteer 0351)—Rudy Vallée and his band playing in agreeable surroundings.*

BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—A few of the more interesting places of this type are: Casanova, 151 W. 54 (Circle 7893), with Ruth Etting, Rosita and Ramon, Harry Rosenthal and his orchestra.* . . . The Yacht Club, 117 W. 48, has Chick Endor and the original Yacht Club Boys. . . . Les Ambassadeurs, Winter Garden Bldg., B'way at 50, featuring those crazy clowns, Clayton, Jackson, and Durante. . . . Chateau Madrid, 231 W. 54, has a new floor show. . . . The Salon Royal, 310 W. 58, open all night, with Florence of Paris.

GREENWICH VILLAGE—Don Dickerman's Daffydil, 46 W. 8 (Spring 0223), is an amusingly decorated new place, with music by the California Collegians. . . . Barney's, 85. W. 3 (Spring 8191), has an uptown clientele and is very good fun. . . . The County Fair, 54 E. 9, has Jack Powell, the trap-drummer. . . . The Dome, 52 W. 8; The Four Trees, 1 Sheridan Sq.; and Mori's, 144 Bleecker, are informal, pleasant, and not too costly.

RUSSIAN MOTIF—Russiana, 216 W. 44, has an entertaining show, with Kosloff of the old Katinka

(Continued on page 6)

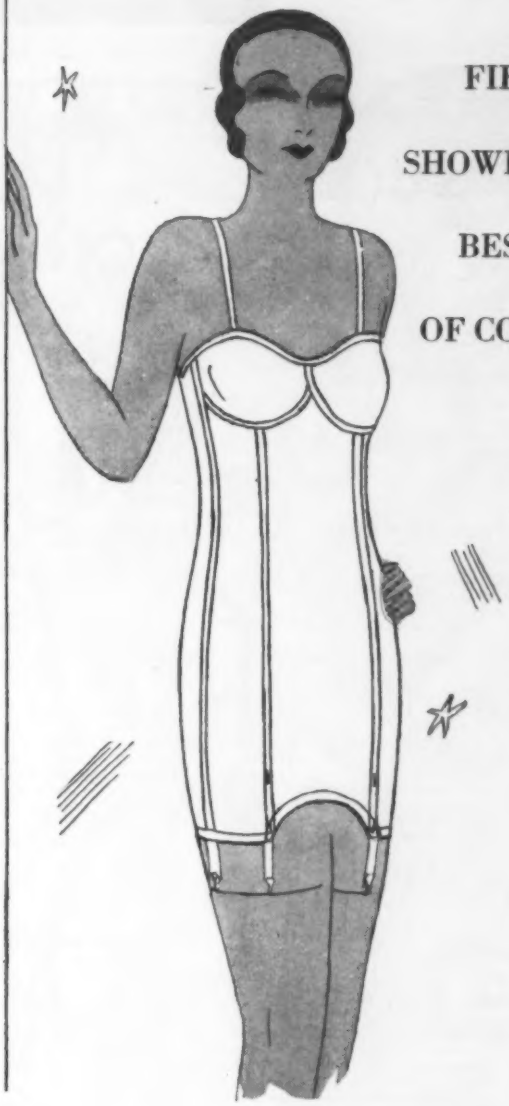
DEPARTMENTS IN THIS ISSUE


| | Page |
|---|---|
| THE THEATRE | 27 |
| SHOUTS AND MURMURS | 32 |
| HOCKEY | 34 |
| THE WAYWARD PRESS | 38 |
| PARIS LETTER | 46 |
| ON AND OFF THE AVENUE: | |
| FEMININE FASHIONS | 55 |
| ABOUT THE HOUSE | 58 |
| MUSICAL EVENTS | 63 |
| MOTORS | 67 |
| THE CURRENT CINEMA | 71 |
| THE ART GALLERIES | 73 |
| RECENT BOOKS | 76 |
| AMONG THE NEW BOOKS | 77 |


THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 45TH STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, BRYANT 6300
EDITORIAL OFFICES, BRYANT 6200

*Buy it like lingerie— three at a time*

**3.95 each**



**FIRST SHOWING AT BEST'S OF COURSE**

# Put On the New Carter Mouldette And You Put On the New Silhouette

YOU don't have to wear a harness to achieve the new silhouette. Slip into this silken sheath (not a bone in it) and retain all that precious freedom you've reveled in for years. You won't know you're wearing it, but your friends will, for it moulds your figure on modern lines, with soft, feminine curves, a slender well-defined waistline, and slim, tapering hips.

"FLESH COLOR GLOVE RAYON"—*it won't stretch*

*Size graded by inches, 30 to 38 bust; hence it gives a perfect, not an approximate fit*
*Wash it as easily as a vest, the jiffy garters are detachable*

PARIS **Best & Co.** LONDON

Fifth Avenue at 35th St.—N. Y.

*Palm Beach*

Entire contents copyrighted 1930 by Best & Co., Inc.

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, JANUARY 10, THROUGH SATURDAY, JANUARY 18]

(Continued from page 4)

presiding. . . . Little Russia, 100 W. 57, is agreeably romantic. . . . Way down East and inexpensive: The Russian Art, 2 Ave. at 12; and The Russian Kretchma, 244 E. 14.

NOTE—The address of the Embassy Club, open to members only, is 151 E. 57 (Volunteer 4900). Must dress.

## MOTION PICTURES

(All-talking unless otherwise noted.)

DEVIL MAY CARE—Ramon Novarro as a very romantic Bonapartist in the days of Elba. (Astor, B'way at 45; 2:50 and 8:50 P.M.; extra performances Sat. and Sun. at 6 P.M., and Sat. at 11:45 P.M.)

DISRAELI—George Arliss playing the great minister again, in a screen version that should satisfy the fastidious public. (Central, B'way at 47; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sun., 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)

GENERAL CRACK—An eighteenth-century costume picture, with John Barrymore mostly in profile. (Warner, B'way at 52; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sun., 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)

THE LOVE PARADE—Maurice Chevalier in a picture worthy of his talents. A comedy with music, and really attractive. (Criterion, B'way at 44; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; extra performances Sat. and Sun. at 6 P.M., and Sat. at 11:30 P.M.)

THE MIGHTY—George Bancroft so good as to counteract an ordinary story of the war and the underworld. (Rivoli, B'way at 49; performances continuous from 10 A.M.)

THE MYSTERIOUS ISLAND—The bottom of the sea as Jules Verne described it. Only part talking, but all in color, with Lionel Barrymore. (Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; Thurs. and Fri., Jan. 16 and 17; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

SALLY—Marilyn Miller flickers in and out delightfully in an otherwise laborious musical show. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; extra performances Sat. at 11:45 P.M., and Sun. at 6 P.M.)

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW—Douglas Fairbanks tames Mary Pickford in the screen version of Shakespeare's play. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; starting Sat., Jan. 18.)

THE TRESPASSER—Gloria Swanson reveals some of the problems involved in a rich marriage. (Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; Sat. through Mon., Jan. 11-13; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

THE VIRGINIAN—Owen Wister's story, with Gary Cooper. (Rialto, 7 Ave. at 42; performances continuous from 9:30 A.M.)

NEWS REEL THEATRE—All you want of current events for a quarter. (Embassy, B'way at 46; continuous from 10 A.M. to midnight.)

The following, if you run across them, are also recommended: "Condemned," Ronald Colman's picture of romance on Devil's Island; "Gold Diggers of Broadway," a musical show contrived from Avery Hopwood's comedy of the predatory ladies; "Hollywood Revue," a motley assemblage of celebrities in a big screen musical; "The Sky Hawk," noteworthy for its scenes of London air-raids and Zeppelin warfare.

## ART

AMERICANS—At least ten of our best painters in a show of nineteen selected by ballot. One room worth your visit and cheers. Last three days: Museum of Modern Art, 12th floor, Heckscher Bldg., 5 Ave. at 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 6 P.M.; through Sun., Jan. 12.

BEGINNERS—Third show of the young men and women who hope and aspire. Last two days: Opportunity Gallery, Art Center, 65 E. 56. Open 10 A.M. to 6 P.M., through Sat., Jan. 11.

FLOWERS AND FRUIT—Not steamer baskets, but anything for a name. Fine collection of modern French, with a few of the home talent sneaking in under the tent: Reinhardt, 730 5 Ave. at 57. Open 10 A.M. to 6 P.M., through Sat. Jan. 11.

FRIESZ—A representative showing of one of the popular painters: Brummer, 27 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

MARIN—The great American painter. Stieglitz's first show in his new quarters: Room 1710, 509 Madison, at 53. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

REVENGE—Stunt show in which the critics sit for their portraits to the group sponsored by this house: Dudensing, 5 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

## MUSIC

(Performances begin at 3 and 8:30 P.M., unless otherwise specified, and are listed in chronological order.)

### RECITALS

BILTMORE MUSICALE—Beniamino Gigli, tenor; Raoul Vidas, violinist; and Helene Carriere, soprano. Hotel Biltmore, Fri. Morn., Jan. 10, at 11.

MISCHA ELMAN—The first of the Mischas and still the most renowned. Carnegie Hall, Sat. Eve., Jan. 11.

JOSEF HOFMANN—One of the few superlative artists. Carnegie Hall, Sun. Aft., Jan. 12.

BEATRICE HARRISON—An interesting and distinguished woman 'cellist from England. Martin Beck Theatre, 45, W. of 8 Ave., Sun. Eve., Jan. 12.

FRANK SHERIDAN—An exceptional young man at the piano. Carnegie Hall, Mon. Eve., Jan. 13.

MURIEL KERR—Recital by a prizewinner who nevertheless has ability. Town Hall, Mon. Eve., Jan. 13.

BENIAMINO GIGLI—Songs by this attractive tenor, assisted by Santa Biondo. Hotel Plaza, Thurs. Morn., Jan. 16, at 11:30.

JOSÉ ITURBI—Last chance this season to hear the most important new pianist in years. Carnegie Hall, Thurs. Aft., Jan. 16.

NICHOLAS MEDTNER AND NINA KOSHETZ—A composer plays his own music, and Mme. Koshetz sings more of it. Carnegie Hall, Fri. Eve., Jan. 17.

HAROLD SAMUEL—England's gift to the keyboard. Town Hall, Sat. Aft., Jan. 18, at 2:30.

ELEANOR SPENCER—Return of an American pianiste who has accumulated plenty of reputation in Europe. Carnegie Hall, Sat. Aft., Jan. 18, at 2:30.

### ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Mengelberg conducting: Carnegie Hall, Fri. Eve., Jan. 10 (Pension Fund Concert); Metropolitan Opera House, Sun. Aft., Jan. 12; Carnegie Hall, Thurs. Eve., Jan. 16, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., Jan. 17, at 2:30; Sat. Eve., Jan. 18, at 8:45. . . . Schelling conducting: Carnegie Hall, Sat. Morn., Jan. 11, at 11 (Children's Concert).

BOSTON SYMPHONY—Koussevitzky conducting: Carnegie Hall, Fri. Aft., Jan. 10, at 2:30 (Benefit); Sat. Aft., Jan. 11, at 2:30.

MUSEUM CONCERTS—Mannes conducting: Metropolitan Museum of Art, Sat. Eves., Jan. 11 and 18, at 8. (No admission charge.)

FRIENDS OF MUSIC—Cherubini's "Requiem," and old instrumental music. Bodanzky conducting: Mecca Temple, Sun. Aft., Jan. 12, at 4.

AMERICAN ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY—Clifton conducting: Carnegie Hall, Tues. Aft., Jan. 14.

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA—Gabrilowitsch conducting: Carnegie Hall, Tues. Eve., Jan. 14, at 8:45.

SCHOLA CANTORUM—Ross conducting: Carnegie Hall, Wed. Eve., Jan. 15.

### OPERA

METROPOLITAN—"The Girl of the Golden West," Fri. Eve., Jan. 10, at 8; "Tristan und Isolde," Sat. Aft., Jan. 11, at 2; "La Juive," Sat. Eve., Jan. 11, at 8; "Die Walküre," Mon. Eve., Jan. 13, at 7:45; "Der Rosenkavalier," Wed. Eve., Jan. 15, at 8; "Luisa Miller," Thurs. Eve., Jan. 16, at 8:30.

AMERICAN OPERA COMPANY—Last two days: "Marriage of Figaro," Fri. Eve., Jan. 10; "Yolanda of Cyprus," Sat. Aft., Jan. 11; "Madame Butterfly," Sat. Eve., Jan. 11. Casino Theatre, B'way at 39.

## ON THE AIR

WALTER DAMROSCH—Conducting symphony orchestra: Fri. Morns., Jan. 10 and 17, at 11, and Sat. Eves., Jan. 11 and 18, at 9, over WEAF.

ROCHESTER SYMPHONY—Goossens conducting: Fri. Afts., Jan. 10 and 17, at 3:15, over WJZ.

BOXING—Fights from Madison Square Garden: Fri. Eves., Jan. 10 and 17, at 9:30, over WMCA.

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Children's Concert, Schelling conducting: Sat., Jan. 11, at 11 A.M., over WOR. . . . Mengelberg conducting: Sun., Jan. 12, at 3 P.M., over WOR.

HENRY HADLEY—Conducting symphony orchestra: Sat. Eves., Jan. 11 and 18, at 9:30, over WABC.

GRAND OPERA—Chicago Civic Opera Co.: Sat., Jan. 11, at 10 P.M., over WJZ. . . . "La Gioconda:" Thurs., Jan. 16, at 11 P.M., over WEAF. . . . "The Girl of the Golden West:" Sat., Jan. 18, at 7 P.M., over WEAF.

LIGHT OPERA—"The Mikado," by Gilbert and Sullivan: Sun., Jan. 12, at 1 P.M., over WJZ.

HEINRICH GEBHARD—Pianist, and the New York String Quartet: Sun., Jan. 12, at 7:30 P.M., over WJZ.

BENIAMINO GIGLI—Tenor soloist: Sun., Jan. 12, at 9:15 P.M., over WEAF.

HOCKEY—N. Y. Americans vs. Boston, from Madison Square Garden: Sun., Jan. 12, at 10 P.M., over WMCA.

EMILIO DE GOGORZA—Baritone; Countess Olga Albani, soprano; and Andrès Segovia, guitarist: Thurs., Jan. 16, at 10 P.M., over WEAF.

## SPORTS

BOXING—At Madison Square Garden: Otto Von Porat vs. Paulino Uzcudun, Fri. Eve., Jan. 10; preliminaries start at 8:30 P.M.

PROFESSIONAL HOCKEY—Games at Madison Square Garden at 8:45 P.M.: N. Y. Americans vs. Boston, Sun. Eve., Jan. 12. . . . N. Y. Rangers vs. Detroit, Tues. Eve., Jan. 14. . . . N. Y. Americans vs. Montreal Maroons, Thurs. Eve., Jan. 16.

## OTHER EVENTS

AUTOMOBILE SHOW—Last two days: Grand Central Palace, Lexington at 46. Open 10 A.M. to 10:30 P.M., through Sat., Jan. 11.

MOTOR BOAT SHOW—Opens at Grand Central Palace, Lexington at 46, Fri. Eve., Jan. 17, at 7; weekdays thereafter, 10:30 A.M. to 10:30 P.M.

PUBLIC BALLS—Bal Guignol, Ritz-Carlton, Fri. Eve., Jan. 17, at 10:30. . . . The Greenwich Village Ball, Webster Hall, 119 E. 11, Fri. Eve., Jan. 17, at 10.

BURTON HOLMES—"The 1929 Season in and about London." Carnegie Hall, Sun. Eve., Jan. 12, at 8:30 and Mon. Aft., Jan. 13, at 3.

AUCTIONS—At the American Art Association, Anderson Galleries, Inc.—Important autographs, from the estate of Dr. Joshua I. Cohen: Wed. Eve., Jan. 15, at 8:15 . . . . Rare and valuable colored-plate books and an extensive Cruikshank collection: Thurs. and Fri. Afts., Jan. 16 and 17, at 2:15, and Thurs. Eve., Jan. 16, at 8:15.

IN THE SHADOW OF THE PECK & PECK MID-WINTER SALE ARE THE LOVELIEST SUITS AND DRESSES OF TWEED JERSEY, COVERT AND VELVETEEN . . . THE MOST DEBONAIR OF FUR TRIMMED COATS . . . THE JAUNTIEST OF HATS AND SCARFS FOR SPORT AND TOWN . . . THE MOST FETCHING OF STOCKINGS . . . THE MOST SELF ASSURED OF IMPORTED AND DOMESTIC SWEATERS . . . AND THE SMARTEST OF SMART NECKWEAR, GOLF STOCKINGS, AND SOCKS FOR MEN . . . ALL HAVE BEEN SHARPLY REDUCED FOR THIS GREAT HALF-YEARLY SALE.

# PECK *and* PECK

FIFTH AVENUE AT 55TH STREET
FIFTH AVENUE AT 47TH STREET
FIFTH AVENUE AT 42ND STREET
MADISON AVENUE AT 69TH STREET

# A SPORTING TIP

## *Chamois jackets with the* TALON *Slide Fastener*

### FOR MEN

*From A. G. Spalding & Bros.*

*For men who love the great outdoors, even if it is only in terms of their own back yards, this chamois jacket has the very new separating Talon Slide Fastener which allows the front of the jacket to divide. You slip it on, zip it up, and there you are.*

### FOR WOMEN

*From Saks Fifth Avenue*

*This chamois pull-over jacket has the Talon Slide Fastener closing which gives an easy opening space for a quick pull on. The tweed skirt gives the ladies a break over the men. One step in, one zip up: skirt plus jacket makes the smartest and most comfortable sports ensemble you'll see anywhere. As an additional convenience for the ladies, the pockets of the skirt have the Talon Slide Fastener safety closing which guards the feminine adjuncts so necessary even while sporting.*

Talon Slide Fasteners are obviously the most intelligent method of fastening sports clothes of all types. They never rust, jam or pull apart. And they give the smart, smooth, tailored finish so necessary to correct sports attire. Look for the name Talon or Hookless on the pull to make sure you are getting a fastener that will always work perfectly.

**TALON** THE ORIGINAL SLIDE FASTENER · *The Hookless Fastener Co., Meadville, Pennsylvania*
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

*Private office of Mr. R. E. Ladue, General Manager John David Stores, Furniture by Flint & Horner*

# The calm of a fine office earns extra dividends in thought

THE day of the drab office is over. A few brilliant examples from the country's ablest executives — a few cautious experiments — and good taste came to the office to stay.

Not the least reason for its victory was its efficiency. A tasteful office proved to be a better place in which to work and think. Quiet, restful surroundings minimized the tension of active days. Comfortable, attractive furniture eased the body and released the mind to keener, more direct thinking.

True, an attractive setting reflects pleasantly upon the prestige of any firm. It speaks well and favorably to strangers. But the decisive factor remains —individual efficiency. A good-looking chair is usually more comfortable than an ugly one. A broad, well-proportioned desk is more business-like than a skimpy one. Harmonious colors, balanced spaces, comfortable fittings give a fine sense of uncluttered effort to the room in which you work.

You can, of course, spend thousands of dollars to achieve this end. But you can also work modern miracles with a modest sum. Flint & Horner have made a special study of office interiors. We have given over an entire floor of our great shop to a series of model offices and installed a staff of trained decorators.

Put your problem to them. They will study your individual needs and work with you to keep the solution within the limits of your official budget. You may be surprised to find that a small office 15 x 15 can well be done for as little as $300.

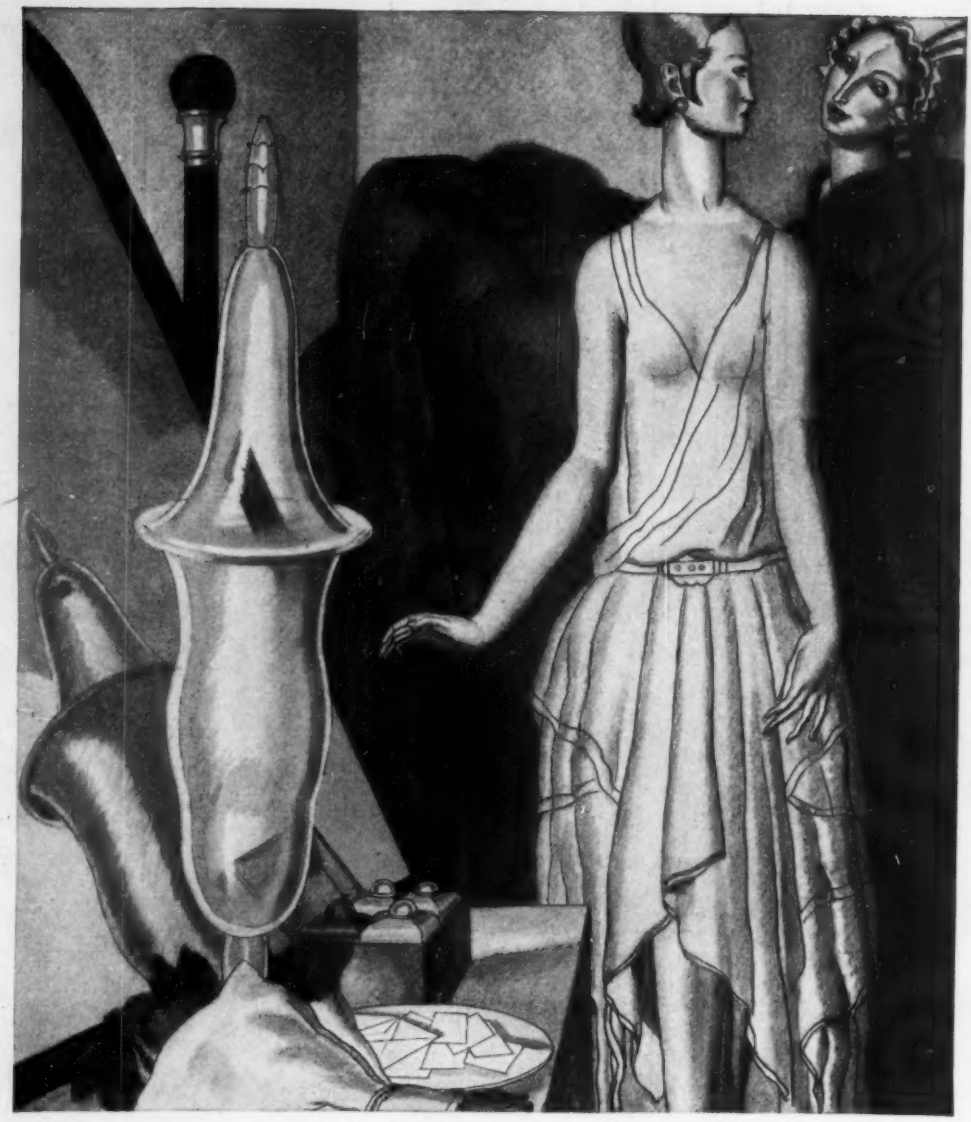
## FLINT & HORNER

*Exclusive distributors of "Clemco" desks*

66 West 47th Street

*Between Fifth and Sixth Avenues*

*Telephone: Bryant 6660*



## The Bridal Negligee of Royalty Comes to Saks-Fifth Avenue

. . . Made by Margot of Paris for Princess Marie Jose of Belgium . . . and reproduced exactly by Margot for Saks-Fifth Avenue.

Its slim lines . . . its delicate lace . . . its exquisite handwork immediately distinguish it for what it is . . . the negligee of a princess . . . It took 1500 hours for an expert to make this beautiful garment . . . of soft, lustrous white satin . . . with racine lace. The Margot Negligee, 695.00. Hand-made reproductions to order, 295.00

**SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE**
NEW YORK

# THE TALK OF THE TOWN

*Notes and Comment*

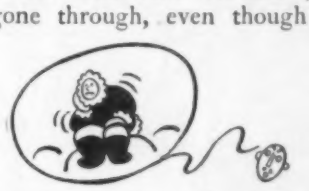
OUR hat, our high hat, goes off to Sears, Roebuck & Company for their adoption of the thirteen-month calendar. The millpond of business will have its placidity disturbed now, in a most charming way. Gradually the firms which use the thirteen-month system will begin to gain on the other firms, and on the populace. Sears Roebuck are already four or five days up on us. Popular song writers are working on a new lyric: "When it's Sunday in Sears

Roebuck, it's only Wednesday in Rogers Peet." Personally, we enjoy the uneasy feeling that a business house is gaining on us—it makes us restless, and we work better when we are restless. One friend of ours, however, has run up against one of the situations that will inevitably arise in the thirteen-month calendar—he ordered a pair of skis from Sears Roebuck, forgetting that it was getting well along into springtime in that organization. He hasn't received the skis yet, and he isn't at all sure that the company won't send roller-skates, on their own initiative.

WE retain a fairly well-hung pessimism about the theatre-ticket situation. The managers, tearful at the evils of ticket speculation, are resolving several new plans, none of which seems to get very far. We'd like to see the managers quit blubbering about the agencies and make a united effort to compete, in a business way, with the speculators. In order to do this, they would have to perform some of the duties and functions of a speculator—which would benefit the public and themselves both. The theatregoer (or rather the theatremaybegoer) turns to an agency because it is

centrally located and because the chances of getting a seat are better than at the box office of the show. If theatre managers weren't such a ragtag-and-bobtailed crew they would run their own ticket bureau with a plus-seventy-five-cent system and peddle their wares at first-hand, instead of letting somebody else do it. Also, they would pay some attention to our suggestions for box-office methods. Theatre box offices, generally speaking, are the only merchandising organizations in town where the customer is treated like a thief, a miscreant, and a yellow dog, and where the purchase of a commodity is made to be a complete pain in the neck to the purchaser.

OF the rigors, hardships, and dangers which explorers face we have only a rather sketchy knowledge, wrapped up as we are in our greatcoat and our soft living. At this distance it is hard to visualize what Rear Admiral Byrd has gone through, even though you



read the *Times*. One hazard at the time, however, came through to us with a sort of clean cold clarity—it was a brief radio message from Byrd, dispatched while he was flying over Antarctica in his plane. "We have discovered," it said, "a great new mountain range in Marie Byrd Land, running in a generally north and south direction. We hope this is worth while for science, for we are flying in rough weather and taking chances to map it." That hazard we understand! The bleak uncertainty of encountering a polar mountain range, after years of preparation, and not knowing whether it is worth while for science or not—Hamlet, in a tri-motored plane, uncertain whether to map or not to map, his mind ravaged by the fierce tug of indecision. We know that phase of exploration: the cold terror of arriving at a destination and doubting, even for an instant, its significance. We've flown that far, at least, with Byrd!

THE *Nation* has put THE NEW YORKER on its Honor Roll for 1929, along with Rear Admiral Byrd, the New York *Telegram*, Professor Michelson, Eva Le Gallienne, and the

United States Senate. Here are the very words of the announcement: "The *New Yorker*, for being consistently amusing, good-tempered, intelligent, resourceful, and good-to-look-at." We are naturally grateful; it is the first time anybody has put us on an honor list. But after thus elevating us, the *Nation*, in an explanatory paragraph, plunges us into despair. "We had great trouble," said they, "in deciding whether to give first place, on the score of humor, to the *New Yorker* or to the Department of State. We finally gave it to the *New Yorker* on the ground that our cheerful con-

temporary is always good-natured, which the State Department sometimes is not. But we confess that we find the State Department a great deal funnier than the *New Yorker*." To us this comparison seems unfair. No magazine, whether weekly or annual, could ever hope to be as funny as the State Department. We defy most magazines to be as funny, even, as the Passport Bureau. In a comedic moment of history such as today, with its funny taxes, its funny prohibition, its funny prosperity, and its funny talk of peace, a mere publication whose aim is to interpret the times is somewhat at a loss to compete, in entertaining qualities, with the institutions themselves. We often feel like giving up and going home.

## *Elusive*

A YOUNG and thoroughly up-to-date mother placed her three-year-old daughter in one of the most modern kindergartens you could find anywhere. It is thoroughly up on psychological adjustments, spiritual analysis, *alter ego*—and all the very newest things. The child, however, was reported not doing well. She sulked, didn't learn, and sometimes swore. The mother came over anxiously to have a talk with a director, who told her all the discouraging details. "Don't be a bit alarmed, though," he counselled cheerfully at the end. "We expect any day now to catch her rhythm."

## *Briton*

EVELYN LAYE, of "Bitter Sweet," has taken an apartment at 50 West Fifty-ninth Street so that she can walk in the Park, that being her favorite diversion. She wears a leather trench coat trimmed with fur—you may have seen her. She has been homesick for England ever since arriving here, although her mother landed in time to make plum pudding for Christmas. She keeps pretty much to her apartment, feeling that leading ladies should not destroy the illusion of the theatre by being seen much in public gatherings. She has no motor here and rarely uses taxis. She walks to the theatre, getting there usually half an hour ahead of anybody else and frequently bringing a box of cigars for the stage hands.

A few of Miss Laye's intimate friends call her "Boo." One of them is Dennis King. He and she were once stranded together in the sticks of England when a stock company fell to pieces. Soberly talking over the future then, they made a wager as to which would be starred first. King won. Evelyn probably inherits her talent from her father, who was an actor. He toured England in minor troupes and once came to New York to play in "Peter Pan" with Maude Adams. The family still has a collection of Buster Brown comic strips which he sent home as a souvenir of his trip to this country. As a child she travelled with her father, learned much about the stage, and liked it. This was to his dismay. He didn't want her to go on the stage, and put her in a girls' school, hoping to divert her ambition. She ran away shortly, however, and joined the chorus of "Mr. Wu." In a few years she was a prima donna.

She has her own notions about things, pretty much. Ziegfeld wanted to bill her as a star when "Bitter Sweet" opened here, but she refused. She wouldn't even allow herself to be featured. Advertising matter had to be changed overnight to meet this unexpected situation. She doesn't like press agents or interviewers and flatly refuses to talk to either at the theatre. All this bewildered Mr. Ziegfeld, but after the critics praised her, he finally gained her consent to being presented as a star. She likes Edna Ferber's novels, Scotch toffee, and frosted chocolates. About three years ago she married Sonnie Hale, one of the popular English comedians. Subsequently they separated and a divorce is now pending. The talkies are also pending when she returns to America after a trip home next summer.

## *Car Crews*

IT'S been quite a while since we reported on the whims and foibles of the street-car conductors and motormen. One of the latter, at a busy hour last Saturday, stopped his northbound Fourth Avenue car at the corner of Twenty-sixth Street, and ran cater-cornered across the intersection to where a southbound car had stopped. Into this he disappeared. Most of his thirty passengers, thus abandoned, craned their necks to stare after him. He presently hurried back, bearing, for all to see, a small, red, paper pinwheel. "Gee, 'at's a lucky break," he explained to loungers on the front platform. "A woman and kid got off that car yesterday when I was makin' a trip on it, and left this. I stuck it away where I could get it for my own kid, but I forgot to take it when I made my last trip. The kid'll be tickled pink with this." He blew on it, to make the paper wheel revolve, then went back to business.

One of the conductors on the Eighth Street crosstown line has a lot of fun with a toy mouse made of rubber. He leaves it in the aisle. Women frequently see it and get panicky, affording the conductor some real fun. One lady called his attention to it. He bent over, examined the mouse, looked up and said, "It's dead, I think." This did not satisfy the passenger. She got off at the next stop. The conductor got one of the broadest smiles of the year out of that.

•

A STUDENT attending the Graduate School of Fordham University met a friend. "Come on up to the campus," he said. They went to the Woolworth Building and up to the forty-second floor. That's where the Graduate School of Fordham University is. Use it as a topic at dinners—"Madam, where do you suppose the campus of the Graduate School, etc., etc?"

## *Tea on the East Side*

GO up the steps to almost any one of the houses in Stanton Street, in Chrystie Street, or Forsythe Street, near Second Avenue, and you will find yourself in a tea house. There are dozens of them, all crowded, all filled with the clatter of strange tongues, alive with fierce gesticulations. They form, in a sense, the clubrooms of the East Side. Newly arrived immigrants are brought in, to get jobs, to look for unfound relatives. Some of them have even become art centres; young Jewish painters hang gloomy landscapes and gaunt portraits on the walls and sit down to wrangle over Kisling and Matisse.

Hermann's (last name unknown) is

as picturesque as any. His place is in a long narrow room one flight above an Italian grocery. At the front is a double window, but the dirt of years curtains it; except for a few electric lights, the interior is always dark and heavy with smoke. The walls are of sheet tin, stamped to imitate tile. From the exact centre of the ceiling hangs an old-fashioned wooden-bladed electric fan which no one can recall ever having seen revolve. The customers incline to group themselves about the tables by nationality—Armenians, Hindus, Arabs, Egyptians, Jews, each separate. The Russians sit near the rear of the room. They talk excitedly and sip pale tea, sucking it through a lump of sugar held lightly between the teeth. Between times, they drink vodka. All drinks are served in the same size tumblers—tea, schnapps, vodka, whiskey, wine—all brimful. The schnapps and vodka, at twenty cents a glass, are surprisingly good. The whiskey is terrible. It is also the most expensive. Nobody but outsiders ever orders it, and Hermann charges whatever he thinks they will pay.

Hermann himself is something of a man of the world. He is lean, tall, dark, muscular. He once travelled, as a sailor before the mast. He speaks eleven languages, most of them the tongues of the Near East; he is proud of the fact that he is a thirty-second-degree Mason. Although he has had his tea house for over twelve years nobody seems to know his name; even his wife, short, placid, enormously fat, is addressed as Mrs. Hermann.

In spite of the crowds that come to his place, Hermann is not rich. For one thing, the turnover is so slow. People who come there often sit all day over one drink; many of them bring in their own rye bread and salami, and make a meal out of one glass of tea. Hermann never bothers them. Furthermore, he lets the accounts of old customers run as long as they want. He keeps a little book, and they can pay by the month or by the year; he doesn't care. East Siders, he says, are honest. In all his years in business, only one customer has ever failed to pay, he reports, and in this instance there were extenuating circumstances. A Cuban sailor left the place one night, owing a small amount, and was killed a few minutes later in a street fight.

## *Park Avenue*

THE other afternoon a quite decorative young lady came hurrying out of one of the apartment houses on Park Avenue in the Fifties. For some reason the doorman was absent and she stood at the curb, tapping one toe impatiently. Only for a few moments though. Resourcefully, she placed two fingers between her lips, schoolboy fashion, and blew a loud clear blast. Not one, but three cabs responded, and several passers-by gasped.

## *Valuable Scraps*

SIMMER it down, and you'll probably find there is no end to the collecting business. We have come upon Mr. Burnet Hershey. His specialty is documents pertaining to the Versailles Peace Conference and his accumulation is unique and valuable. A journalist at the Conference, he began by saving the mimeographed *communiqués* released from official sources. Cop-

*"Oh, I'm sure we mean the same thing, Professor, only we use different words."*

ies of these were so plentiful they immediately became scrap paper, but Hershey saved one of each and now has the only complete set in existence. At the same time he broadened his scope, going after maps, memoranda, copies of treaties distributed to the plenipotentiaries, and the like. To obtain these he made friends in all the delegations, in effect organizing a secret service of his own. He thus got his most valuable item, a copy of the first draft of the covenant of the League of Nations. Six copies only were made of this and all of these, save his and one retained by Mrs. Woodrow Wilson, are lost now. Hershey also came into possession of the second draft of the covenant. These two documents, together with the treaty as finally drawn up, show the steps taken in formulating the League of Nations agreement, the most interesting document in recent history.

Many of the Conference documents came from German delegates or attachés. The Germans weren't supposed to know about the existence of many of them which were "secret and confidential." They had their own way of getting hold of things, however, although their headquarters at Versailles was guarded and they weren't even allowed to go into Paris. They had the best secret service of any country in the war, probably, and it remained effective after the Armistice, at Paris. Hershey got well acquainted with the Germans. Allied correspondents at the Conference were denied entrance to the German delegation's headquarters, but he copied the dress of the Germans —wore a frock coat, a German make of hat, and put on horn-rimmed spectacles, carried a portfolio, and thus passed in and out, the French guards never questioning him. He was, of course, discovered as an American by the Germans but they thought it was a pretty good joke. He won their friendship, largely by making them presents of brilliantine, which he bought in Paris. They gave him many papers.

It has become known that the Hershey collection exists and he has had many offers for it—from libraries, statesmen, museums, and even the Japanese Foreign Office.

## *Pharmacopoeia*

A PROFESSOR of archeology, returning from Central America, arrived with some earthen bowls, dried herbs, charms, and so on, and these

*"That's Miss Phylter all right, only when I knew her I didn't think she was so hot."*

bewildered the customs man. He just didn't know what to do about it, and he finally called in a coworker for consultation. After a huddle they turned to the archeologist with a question directed at the heart of the matter: "What are these things used for?" They were used, the archeologist explained, by medicine men of prehistoric Yucatan. "Ah," said one of the inspectors, "we'll list them under 'Druggists' Samples' and let them go through."

## *Big and Little*

IN a men's store, buying a handsome suit for ourself, we were ushered into one of those little privy chambers for the changing of the pants. Immediately, we spied a large shoehorn—by far the largest shoehorn in existence. It was so large that it was two feet long. Beside it was a little buttonhook, so little that it was no bigger than a buttonhook should be. Well, you can imagine that this state of affairs among the shoehorns and buttonhooks of our shop piqued our interest; so we hung around a long time, after we'd changed our pants, plucking at fabrics and criticizing neckties, trying to get up enough courage to ask about the big shoehorn. Finally we blurted it right out:

"Why is the shoehorn so big?" we asked.

"Men can't resist taking shoehorns away with them," answered the clerk. "Men slip them into their pockets, if they're just regular little shoehorns. They've got to be enormous, or men can spirit them away when we're not looking."

For a short time that satisfied us. Then we got thinking.

"Why are the buttonhooks so small, then?" we asked.

The clerk looked at us angrily. "They don't swipe buttonhooks," he said. "They just swipe shoehorns. Nobody swipes buttonhooks."

## *Dark Red Tape*

ONE of our Washington agents reports exactly what happened in government circles over the big problem of communicating that note to the Soviets. The United States not having recognized the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics—the State Department, in fact, being grimly oblivious of its existence—it was palpably impossible for Mr. Secretary Stimson to sit down and send a cable addressed "Moscow, U.S.S.R." That would be recognizing the Soviet government. At the same time he knew that if he addressed it "Moscow, Russia," it wouldn't get anywhere—the Soviets would indignantly refuse to accept a cable so addressed. This difficult situation, the toughest Secretary Stimson has had to face since the Gann-Longworth dilemma, got him down for a time. Finally, after thought and solemn consultation, he sent the cable to France, requesting that government to forward it. The French performed this service courteously, keeping a straight face, simply changing "Russia" to "U. S. S. R." and sending the message along.

Now if Mr. Stimson had decided to send the note by mail, instead of cable, he would have been in hot water of an even higher temperature. A letter addressed "Moscow, Russia," would instantly have been returned by our own Post Office Department, with a rubber-stamped notice that the address was insufficient. The Post Office Department won't accept mail for any Russian city unless it is addressed "U.S.S.R." In short, the Post Office recognizes the Soviet government, but not the old Russian government, while the State Department recognizes the old Russian government but not the Soviets. In this way the United States avoids entanglements with foreign nations.

•

NO doubt about it, the talkies *do* complicate life. A talkie-goer has made this complaint: The other day she arrived in a theatre just before the conclusion of the feature picture. In the old days, to remain in pleasant ignorance of the outcome, she would have had merely to lean back and shut her eyes. Now, in addition to doing this, she has to put her fingers in her ears.

## *Orthography*

THE dial telephone still has its surprises. Sometimes it is the telephone company which is surprised. One subscriber had had his new instrument for scarcely two weeks when he entered tearful complaint about the number of calls he received which were for other people. Someone was always ringing and asking if this was the delicatessen, or the bird store, or Clara. He insisted that everybody who got a wrong number got him. The company installed an observer, puzzled, frowned, tested wires and instruments, and got nowhere. For days it was a mystery, and it probably would have continued one to this day but for a young engineer who suddenly hit upon the explanation while shaving one morning. The subscriber was on the Watkins exchange. The bright fellow suddenly realized that if you spelled out Watkins instead of dialling just WAT and then going into the number, the switchboard automatically transposed "kins" into 5467. The machines put through a call as soon as seven characters have been registered. Consequently, no matter what numbers they dialled afterward, people who spelled out Watkins got WAT 5467. And the unfortunate subscriber's number, my dear Watson, was Watkins 5467. It was just hard luck all around. The gentleman hadn't been getting all the wrong numbers called in the city but he had been getting all the calls from tyros at the dial who spelled out Watkins. He has been given a new number which doesn't spell anything. Watkins 5467 has been abandoned.

## *Old New York*

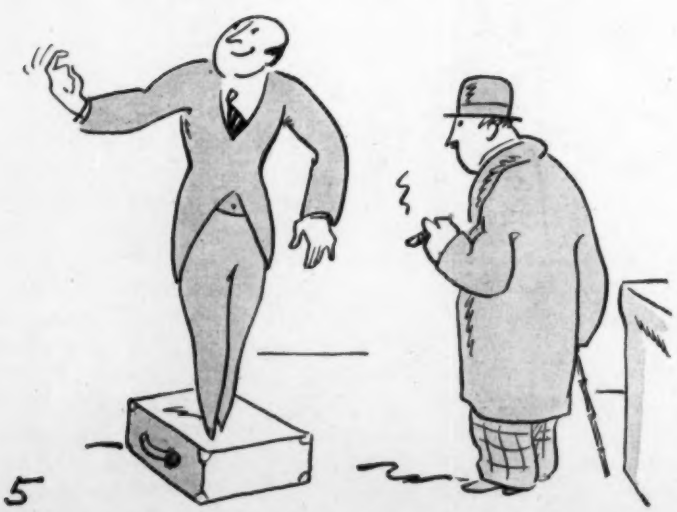
REFERENCE was made here lately to the razing of a building which exposed a forgotten placard announcing Francis Wilson in "When Knights Were Bold." Now, if you hurry right up to Third Avenue and Seventy-eighth Street you may see exposed a long-hidden wall upon which is printed, in several colors: "Old Rye and Bourbon Whiskies, Cognac & Rochelle Brandies, Rum, Apple Jack, Blackberry & Cherry Brandies, Madeira, Port, Sher—" oh, that gives the idea. —THE NEW YORKERS

1

2

3

4


5

6

7

8

9

10

11

12

# THE MIDDLE YEARS

WHEN, as John Monroe was helping the lovely lady on with her coat, she leaned ever so slightly—and unnecessarily—backwards, he was conscious of a quick warm glow. He was even more conscious of a vague perplexity, the reason for which—or one of the reasons, anyway—finally came washing up to him on the stream of memory. This had all happened before, almost precisely as now, but with another girl, and years before. *That* girl, he was painfully reminded, had not meant it. He had afterwards walked feverishly and miserably around in the rain for hours, smoking dozens of cigarettes. He hadn't slept that night.

He was proud of himself that now, going on thirty-six, he took such things more calmly. His heart didn't throb in his throat like a dollar watch. He didn't change color or stammer. He didn't even meet this present lady's eyes at first. He did manage at last, as became a man of the world, to give her a subtle (as he felt) recognition of the dizzy little moment. It was nothing that he said, no extra pressure that he gave her hand. He merely favored her with an intense and wonderful glance (or so he believed it to be), paving the way for a charming sequel without spoiling it all by seeming too youthfully impetuous. Of course if it came to impetuosity, he would show 'em who was impetuous. But, at thirty-five, to make the right effect, one had to go slow. Besides, he was a little tired, the party having lasted infernally late. He was glad that someone else was seeing the lady home this particular night. It was devilishly cold.

He had quite a sneezing spell when he got home, which somehow marred his admiration of himself in a glass. He noted that his hair, graying at the temples, was becoming more attractive every day. He tried a couple of brooding frowns, with his chin resting in his hand, and approved of them. Then he went to bed, resolved to think about the lovely lady quite a while, before falling asleep. He fell asleep in thirty-two seconds.

The next morning he awoke feeling much better than he usually did after being out late. He sprang out of bed quickly—without any of that dizziness which in recent years he had begun to experience if he arose too suddenly. He began whistling as he put a new blade in his razor. It was quite a while before he got at the source of the vague gaiety that lifted him up. Then he remembered the lovely lady, and the incident of the coat. Oddly enough, his spirits dropped just a trifle. He was surprised, but they did. His old, or as a matter of actual fact, his fairly recent, sense of perplexity came back. Things got complicated so easily, became weighty. Complications were a damned nuisance. Kept a man up late, kept him figuring. He fought off the sudden apparition of his wife's face, which leaped up to laugh at him, a little mockingly. She was, as luck would have it (he wasn't sure of his own definition of luck here), out of town, and wouldn't be back for a week. Of course, she wouldn't *mind*. He was, after all, old enough not to make a fool of himself. That, in her charmingly humorous way, was all little Mrs. Monroe had ever required of him in the event of an—ah—of a communion, with anyone. Just so he selected a lady that a wife need not be ashamed of. Well, he had. Furthermore, she was probably waiting for him to give her a ring. Well, he would. After breakfast. The laughing face of his wife bobbed up again. He cut himself slightly with a razor, and swore. He couldn't find a clean shirt, and swore again. Damn it, she was *always* out of town!

*And That's That*

THE knowledge that the lovely lady's husband was in Bermuda had been a part of Mr. Monroe's first fine elation, when he was helping her on with her coat. Since this was the case, he wondered at himself for feeling a definite let-down in his ardor when, in looking up the lady's telephone number at his office, he met her husband's name in the book. The type seemed like a cold, black barrier. He remembered how, in the years behind him, the presence of competition, even of menace, had only spurred him on. In wending his way back among old memories, Mr. Monroe recalled a cold, glittery night of a long-gone December, when he had stood for hours under a girl's window, throwing pebbles up at it until, for the sake of her reputation, she consented to go to the Christmas dance his fraternity was giving, instead of to another fellow's. She had been reported engaged to the other fellow, too.... Judas, it had been cold standing under that window! It *must* have been. He rose and closed the window of his office. The day was bitter and gloomy. He decided not to call the lady until after dinner.

A hot bath and a good dinner at a quiet place put Mr. Monroe in pretty fine fettle. He decided to call the lady up at once. When he got back to his apartment, however, he decided, on further reflection, that this would not be very subtle. No, the way to do it was to drop in on her around midnight. She was one of those people who were invariably up, long after midnight. He wondered how they did it, night in and night out. She would be reading, stretched out, filmily, on a divan, soft, alluring. He would make a striking and graceful entrance. To fortify himself for this adventure—the word "ordeal" just grazed his consciousness—he got out a volume of Henry James. He would begin the communion on a mature, a "wonderful" plane. It might become—who knew?—one of those pleasurable, comfortable, and just slightly aching episodes, which mean so much. He was reduced to a momentary

confusion, at this point, when it crossed his mind that the lady might have other patterns in mind than those of Henry James. It also crossed his mind that he was working toward, or rather lapsing into, a basis singularly devoid, somehow, of that impetuosity which, over his cocktail at dinner, he had told himself he had to get into the affair. *Had* to get?—hell, wanted to!

It was just ten o'clock, and he mustn't drop around until midnight, anyway. That would give any other callers a chance to depart. He lighted a cigar and began reading in "The Golden Bowl." The effect of three minutes of this was to make him undeniably drowsy. "Here, here!" he muttered to himself. He got up and dashed some cold water on his face, before going back to his book and cigar. Even so, his lids shortly began to droop again. Mr. Monroe met this situation grimly. He decided to put on his dinner jacket, and he went to the clothes closet and got it out—or the parts of it he could find. He had no notion where his studs might be, but he knew that he ought to know. Little Mrs. Monroe's mocking face kept preceding him wherever he went. Finally he got everything together, and laid the array out on a bed. Then he began leisurely to undress. It struck him, as he glimpsed himself in a long glass, that a tall thin man looks like an ass in socks and garters. The thought depressed him terribly.

Instead of changing into his smoking jacket at once, he placed all his clothes over the backs of chairs, put on a pair of pajamas, and lay down on the bed to smoke a cigarette. Cigars were too heavy; they got to you if you needed sleep. He looked at his watch again. It wasn't quite eleven. Mr. Monroe considered the whole situation again. Perhaps it would be better if he didn't go over until *one*. Then you could be pretty sure any other guests would have departed. Of course he knew that if he waited two hours he would fall asleep. Well, he would set the alarm clock for a quarter to one—give him plenty of time to spring up and get dressed. So he set the clock and crawled beneath the covers.

The loud ringing of the alarm bell woke him, after what seemed only a few minutes. He rose up slowly and shut it off, after which he rested on one elbow for a minute or so. He got, then, with fine resolution, about halfway out of bed, groped for a cigarette, found one, and put it down again without lighting it. Slowly, very slowly, he crept back under the covers, and switched off the light at the head of the bed. He sighed deeply.

—James Thurber

## RESPITE

She is provident once more.
She, who only lately
Ran a madcap race with life,
Walks abroad sedately.

She is wary and aloof
Who was devil-cherished,
Taking back the love she gave,
Saying that it perished.

Prim and proper, carefully
She walks in sun and rain,
Immune, immune to any love
*Until she falls again!*

—Frances M. Frost

*"If he wins this match, who will he play next?"*

# THE PATSY

I GOT off the elevator at the twelfth floor and walked down the hall. The first door I came to was open. It was labelled, in large letters: "Greenberg & MacBride, Artists' Representatives." In a lower corner, in very small print, it said: "Vaudeville Booking Agents."

There were a lot of people waiting inside, so I went to the next door, marked: "Ben Greenberg, Private."

I walked in without knocking. Mr. Greenberg looked up as I entered. He was Jewish; small, round-faced, and pleasant.

"Fine!" he said. "Glad you came. We start rehearsal in a little while."

"You've got the act cast already?" I said.

"Sure. Soon as I read it I knew just the people we wanted. Got 'em all."

"Great," I said. "You'll want me around for the first couple of rehearsals, I suppose."

"You'd better. May be some changes to make in the script. We'll see how it goes." He stood up. "But first you gotta help me out. I need a patsy."

"A what?" I said.

"I'll show you." He led me into a small room adjoining his own. It was empty except for a desk and a swivel-chair. There was a bell on the desk.

"Sit down, there's a couple of girls outside. Sent them a call yesterday. They'll want to play Elsie in your act, and I don't want to hurt their feelings." He rang the bell.

"So that makes me the patsy," I said.

An office-boy entered. "Send them in one at a time," Greenberg said to him. He turned to me. "Listen," he said quickly. "I've already got a Elsie, so you gotta find some reason why these girls can't have the part, see? If they're blonde, you tell them Elsie's a brunette; if they're tall, Elsie's short. Get me?"

"Yes," I said.

GREENBERG sat on the edge of the desk. The office-boy pushed the door open. A girl with faded blonde hair came in. Her face was very drawn. Her dark red coat was freshly pressed, but there were gaps in the gray fur that lined the hem.

"Hello, Cora," said Greenberg pleasantly. He didn't get up.

The girl smiled nervously. "Hello, Ben," she said. "You sent me a card about an act you were casting."

"Oh, yes. Meet the author." He indicated me. "This is Miss Woods," he said to me. "I was thinking of her for Elsie. What do *you* think?"

I looked at him. He avoided my glance.

"Well," I said hesitantly. "I—don't know."

He came to my rescue. "A little tall, would you say?"

I looked at the girl. She was fingering the braid of her coat. "I'm afraid you *are* a little tall for Elsie," I said. I could see the sudden disappointment in her face.

She looked at Greenberg eagerly. "I'm not so tall," she said. "Really. I'm wearing awfully high heels. If you'd let me go home and change to low heels—"

I didn't know what to say. I looked at Greenberg. He was kicking his heel against the desk. He was only a spectator.

"I'll tell you, Miss Woods—" I said.

Greenberg looked up. "Isn't your Elsie a brunette?" he suggested.

"Yes," I said. I took a deep breath. "I'm sorry, Miss Woods. Elsie—this girl in the act—is supposed to be a brunette, you see."

I kept my eyes on the desk and wished Greenberg would stop kicking his heel and tell the girl to go. I knew without looking at her that she was on the verge of tears.

"I'll tell you, Cora," Greenberg said finally. "You're not quite the type for this part, see? But stand by for a call around the end of the week. I'm pretty sure we may be doing something then. Okay?"

She nodded and left.

Greenberg rang the bell. "No fun, is it?" he said.

I didn't answer.

He started to say something, but another girl came in.

"Hello, Helen," he said. "This is the author of the sketch. Miss White," he said to me.

She was a plump, vivacious little brunette. The tip of her nose was red despite a dab of powder. She looked very cold in her thin summer coat. She smiled. I couldn't look pleasant.

"I've had a lot of dramatic experience," she began, "and I can hoof a little. My singing isn't so hot."

"I'm sorry, Miss White," I said brusquely. "The part that we're casting requires a tall girl, and blonde. I don't think you'll do."

"Oh!" She looked more hurt than disappointed. I wanted to kick myself. I felt like knocking Greenberg off the desk. "Thank you." She turned and walked out.

GREENBERG looked at me curiously. "Listen," he said. "Weren't you a little rough with her?"

I pushed back my chair and stood up. "Rough!" I said. I stepped from behind the desk. Greenberg slid suddenly to his feet. "See here, Greenberg!" I stopped. MacBride was standing in the doorway.

He nodded to me and turned on Greenberg.

"For God's sake, Ben!" he said irritably. "Mitchell's all ready to start rehearsing. We're waiting for you."

"I'm just seeing a couple of the girls," Greenberg said. "I won't take a minute."

"We're wasting time! The act's all cast. Tell them there's nothing doing."

"All right, Mac," said Greenberg evenly. "Go ahead and start. I'll be right with you."

MacBride slammed the door. I put my hand on the knob.

"Wait a minute," said Greenberg. "I want you to get this straight. I know I got no jobs for these girls. Not today, anyway. Maybe next week. Or a couple of weeks. But I will, sooner or later."

He looked embarrassed.

"It's been a tough season," he said. "And it's been tougher on these girls. I know how long they've been out of a job. But I don't know how long they're gonna stand up and take it on the chin. This way—I give them a call once in awhile. Even if I ain't got a job. Then they know I've got them in mind. They know they got a chance."

I closed the door.

"There's a couple more outside," he said hesitantly. "And if you're not in too much of a hurry—"

I sat down behind the desk. "I've got lots of time," I said.

"Thanks." He still looked embarrassed as he tapped the bell.

—T. H. WENNING

# OUR OWN SOB BALLADS

## I'M NOT WEEPING BECAUSE HE IS RUINED

I

In an elegant city apartment
Sat a beautiful maiden in tears.
For the news that her sweetheart was ruined
In Wall Street, had just reached her ears.
Her Auntie, a gray-haired old lady,
With whom she had lived since a child,
Now in vain tried to quiet her darling
With words that were soothing and mild;
"Don't cry and take on so," she murmured,
"Though I know all looks dark—never mind.
If your lover has lost all his riches,
Soon another you're certain to find."
At this the maid curbed her emotion
And then, raising her fair, queenly head,
She indignantly gazed at her Auntie
As firmly but gently she said:

REFRAIN

"I'm not weeping because he is ruined.
No—his lost wealth I'm not thinking of.
It's just—I'm so worried, that he hasn't hurried
To me to find comforting love.
Why, my jewels, my sables, and autos
Are all his for the asking to sell.
They *might* help him some. Oh, I wish he would come,
So my feelings to him I could tell."

II

Just then in the room walked her sweetheart,
And so pallid and worn was his face
That the maiden sobbed out, "My poor Daddy,"
As she gave him a tender embrace.
Her sympathy *did* much to bring him
A new courage, and bravely he spoke.
"Well, Wall Street where I cleaned up a fortune
Has turned on me, dear, and I'm broke.
Upstate I've the farm and old homestead,
But I don't even hope you'd much care
To give up all this and go with me
As my wife and start over, up there."
When she murmured, "Of course I'll go with you.
Yes—I love you and I'm ready today,"
He replied, "Now I'm sure, dear, you meant all
I heard—as I entered—you say:

REFRAIN

'I'm not weeping because he is ruined.
No—his lost wealth I'm not thinking of.
It's just—I'm so worried that he hasn't hurried
To me to find comforting love.
Why, my jewels, my sables, and autos
Are all his for the asking to sell.
They *might* help him some. Oh, I wish he would come,
So my feelings to him I could tell.' "

—C. KNAPP

*"And let this be a lesson to you, young fellow!"*

# PROFILES

## THE WIZARD—III

*Thomas Alva Edison*

EDISON, now established in his own laboratory at Menlo Park, inspired his men with his own mania for work. It was nothing for them to put in a twenty-four-hour day. Life was hard, but there was plenty of good broad comedy at the Edison shop. It was regarded as fun, for instance, when men began to lose their teeth from mercury-poisoning as a result of the use of mercury pumps in making electric lamps. Some of the workers would bring quantities of white beans into the laboratory. Now and then they would eject a few from the corner of the mouth and make them rattle along the floor—a sly way of kidding the mercury victims and pleasantly foreshadowing the fate of the teeth that were still *in situ*. Francis Jehl has left an account of the blither moments at the Edison "lab."

"It often happened," he said, "that, while we were enjoying the cigars after our midnight repast, one of the boys would start up and sing a tune on the organ and we would all sing together, or one of the others would give a solo. Another of the boys had a voice that sounded like something between the ring of an old tomato can and a pewter jug. He had one song that he would sing while we roared with laughter. He was also great in imitating the old tinfoil phonograph. When Boehm was in good humor, he would play his zither now and then, and amuse us with pretty German songs. On many of these occasions the laboratory was the rendezvous of jolly and convivial visitors, mostly old friends and acquaintances of Mr. Edison. Some of the office employees would drop in once in a while, and as everybody present was always welcome to partake of the midnight meal, we all enjoyed these gatherings. After a while, when we were ready to resume work, our visitors would intimate that they were going home to bed and they would depart, generally singing some song like 'Goodnight, Ladies.' It often happened that when Edison had been working up to three or four o'clock in the morning, he would lie down on one of the laboratory tables, and with nothing but a couple of books for a pillow, would fall into a sound sleep. He said it did him more good than being in a soft bed, which spoils a man. Some of the laboratory assistants could be seen now and then sleeping on a table in the early morning hours. If their snoring became objectionable to those still at work, the 'calmer' was applied. This machine consisted of a Babbitt's soap box without a cover. Upon it was mounted a broad ratchet-wheel with a crank, while into the teeth of the wheel there played a stout elastic slab of wood. The box could be placed on the table where the snorer was sleeping and the crank turned rapidly. The racket thus produced was something terrible, and the sleeper would jump up as though a typhoon had struck the laboratory. The irrepressible spirit of humor in the old days, although somewhat strenuous at times, caused many a moment of hilarity which seemed to refresh the boys and enabled them to work with renewed vigor after its manifestation."

Edison himself has left a record of the bubbling comic relief of the laboratory. On one holiday the inventor and his whole staff went fishing.

"A breeze came up," said Edison, "the sea became rough and a large number of the men were sick. There was straw in the bottom of the boat, which we slept on. Most of the men adjourned to this straw very sick. Those who were not got a piece of rancid salt pork from the skipper, and cut a large, thick slice of it. This was put on the end of a fishhook and drawn across the men's faces. The smell was terrific and the effect added to the hilarity of the occasion."

Edison was steeped in the pointed comedy of Civil War and post-Civil War days. His taste had been polished in the telegraphic school of humor; the operators of his day became living anthologies of rough stories, which they exchanged incessantly over the wires on dull nights. Edison has a reputation as a wit, but few bright lines of his have been preserved, probably because of the almost universal tendency to spoil a good thing by repeating it wrong. Bookfuls of mediocre jests have been credited to Edison by incompetent hero-worshippers. The chemist who threatened to commit suicide unless granted an immediate increase in pay was responsible for Edison's most passable comeback—"The cyanide of potassium is on the third shelf." Some of his jokes were highly practical, such as exploding a few drops of nitroglycerin to get rid of tiresome clergymen, stuffing cigars with feathers, and chivying a house guest by causing a concealed phonograph to rouse him at midnight with a hoarse summons to meet his Maker. He has never lost his love of horseplay. Wintering at St. Petersburg, Florida, when he was seventy-three, the inventor got John Wanamaker's head in chancery and gave it a memorable knuckle-rubbing. This figured later in a big litigation. The federal government sought to collect a heavy inheritance tax, alleging that Wanamaker had made large gifts to his heirs in expectation of death. The heirs cited this incident to prove that the merchant was in a playful frame of mind at about the period in question and, therefore, not in the expectation of death. The government argued that the knuckle-rubbing did, indeed, prove that Mr. Edison was in a playful frame of mind, but did not necessarily prove that Mr. Wanamaker was.

IN 1880 Edison built and operated at Menlo Park an electrical street car, said to be the first practical one ever built, but the capitalists of the time feared that, so long as there was an adequate supply of horses, there would be no need of cars propelled by electricity.

In 1883 Edison discovered the "Edison effect." By inserting a wire or plate into the incandescent lamp, he produced a surprising interplay of currents. This had no result at the time, but nearly half a century later it began to increase his fame and mar his fortunes. De Forest and Fleming found use for the Edison effect in making the radio tube, the chief factor in the great development of radio of the past ten years. Others used the Edison effect in making modern phonographs and phonograph records. Scientifically, the "effect" has added much to the inventor's prestige; commercially it has hurt him. Edison was himself making the best phonographs and records until his own "effect" was turned against him by his competitors. And Edison gets no royalties from this discovery, as his patent expired before its value was discovered.

The airplane is almost the only major modern invention on which Edison has left no mark. He made one brief excursion into this field in 1884, when James Gordon Bennett offered a prize of one thousand dollars for a flying-machine. Edison worked on a principle similar to that of the German "moon-rocket;" his flying-machine had no propellers, but was to be sustained in flight by explosions. The inventor soaked reels of ticker-tape in nitroglycerin and caused it to be fed in short lengths into a chamber where it was exploded by a spark. An eighty-pound machine was actually caused to sustain itself above ground for several minutes by this process, but then it blew up, burning off Edison's hair and eyebrows, and nearly killed a workman. Edison dropped aëronautics then and there. He has never even been up in an airplane.

THE inventor was married in 1886 to the present Mrs. Edison, formerly Miss Mina Miller, daughter of Lewis Miller, one of the Chautauqua founders. The three children of this marriage are Charles, Madeline, and Theodore. Charles today is the actual head of the Edison works at West Orange.

The last of Edison's great inventions was the motion-picture camera. Two arguments concerning horses were responsible for most of the progress in this field before Edison's time. Governor Leland Stanford of California bet that a running horse touched all four feet to the ground simultaneously; he finally proved it by having a photographer named Muybridge set up forty cameras in a row and catch a horse in motion. Jean Meissonier was at this time having the same argument with other French painters. He obtained the Stanford pictures and used them as slides in a zoetrope, a kind of epileptic magic lantern. The forty cameras had been arranged so that the horse was the central image on forty plates. As a result the body of the horse appeared stationary, while its legs flew madly about and the background scudded across the screen.

Edison wanted movies in order to illustrate his phonograph; he had the talkies in mind from its beginning. In his first contrivance, small photographic plates were arranged in spirals around a cylinder, and in his first movie show, the spectator looked through a magnifying glass at tiny hopping images. Edison was trying reels of paper and other substances coated with photographic emulsion, when George Eastman brought out his film. With the help of this, Edison soon made a successful motion-picture machine, substantially that which is in use today.

Edison's weakness as a prophet is illustrated in his timid exploitation of the movies after he had invented them. He made his pictures for the nickel-in-the-slot machine and was strongly averse to projecting them on the screen. He argued that the country could not support more than half a dozen picture theatres with screens and that these would take off the novelty from the invention, ruining the nickel-in-the-slot machines. "We would be killing the goose that lays the golden eggs," he said. He would not throw his pictures on a screen until competition forced him to. He failed to patent his motion-picture camera abroad, because he did not believe the European rights would be worth the two hundred dollars the patents would cost. Edison brought out the Kinetophone, his first talking-picture machine, thirty-four years ago. You adjusted earphones on each ear, dropped a nickel in the slot, and peered through lenses at microscopic mov-

*"Miss Willard, take a poem, please."*

ies, while a concealed phonograph cued in with words, music, shrieks, death rattles, and other suitable noises. He manufactured fifty Kinetophones in 1885, but they were not a commercial success. In 1913 he invaded Broadway with full-fledged talkies. You saw and heard a singer, a violinist, a burglar, and a barking collie. But again the inventor found that the public was not ready for the new art.

Edison worked on electrical horseless carriages, X-ray improvements, storage batteries, mining machinery, and a variety of other devices which swell his list of patents to nearly twelve hundred. He invented successful cement-making machinery and is still a large-scale producer of cement. For years he worked on the idea of making concrete dwellings and filling them with concrete furniture. Apparatus was developed for turning out houses like waffles, each was to be beautified by Chippendales and Duncan Phyfes of the finest Portland cement, but the public has never developed much liking for stone cottages and petrified household goods.

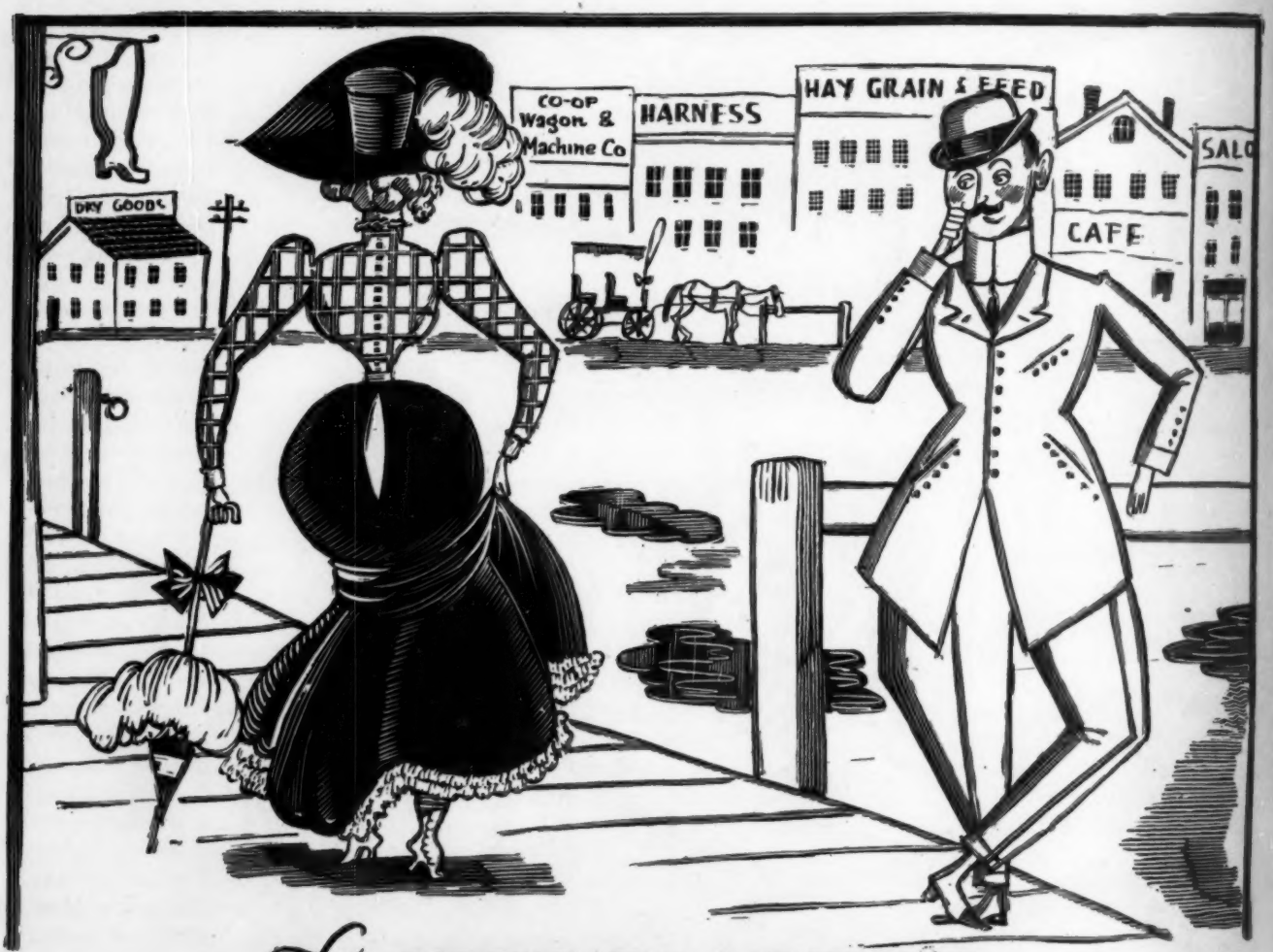
DURING the war Edison headed the Naval Consulting Board, which played a part in producing many important implements of war. After the work he returned to his laboratory, his mind still brilliant and fertile, in spite of his years. But the age of the universal and miscellaneous genius was past, that of the specialist had arrived. He has not ceased to invent, but he has been content with minor improvements and short cuts. In the meantime he has built up his establishment, which employs five thousand people. At the West Orange plant, they still maintain the sacred Edison legends. One of the inventor's assistants recently stated that the old wizard still worked twenty hours a day and slept four.

"Does he do any reading?" was asked.

"Does he do any reading? The old man reads twenty hours a day."

On the other hand, the late John Burroughs, who used to go on the famous camping trips with Edison, Firestone, and Ford, reported that Edison snoozed like a dormouse most of the time. In spite of Burroughs, Edison is still a cormorant for miscellaneous reading-matters. Probably no other skull in the world is so crammed as Edison's with variegated information. Nobody could make a higher mark in his own or any other generalized questionnaire. At one time he kept up with forty periodicals, ranging from the *Physical Review* to the *Police Gazette*. He taught himself to read German, French, and Italian. He fancies himself as an economist and has repeatedly brought forward plans for reforming the currency system and for solving the farmers' financial problems.

During the past few years Edison's chief interest has been the search for a plant that would provide America with an emergency source of rubber, if the foreign supply should be cut off by war. Twelve hundred different types of rubber plants are now growing at




# The OPEN PLACKET

## from the Memoirs of John Held Jr the Engraver

*"All right—all right! I'll shut up—sick as I am—"*

Edison's winter quarters in Florida.

Years ago the inventor used to be something of a thorn in the side of the clergy. He was as unbelieving as a boy who has just discovered Tom Paine. He is the chief pillar of Joseph Lewis' Freethinkers Society and is the idol of village atheists everywhere. Only two years ago, when informed that the Reverend Dr. Stelzle had found that the curve of church attendance was taking a downward turn, the old man exclaimed: "That shows that the people are drifting away from superstition and bunk." Edison has changed sides several times in his various interviews on the question of immortality. He was widely regarded as a brand snatched from the burning when it was announced seven years ago that he was working on a machine for holding conversations with the departed. He was reticent about this, but he admitted that he was engaged in experiments of a hair-raising nature. His interest put the ghost-and-medium business on its feet in this country for several years.

"It was this way," Edison explained to a close friend long afterwards. "A reporter came out to see me on one of the coldest nights of the year. His nose was red and his teeth were chattering and he looked so disappointed, when I told him I had nothing to say, that I invented that story about the machine for talking with ghosts, on the spur of the moment, out of humanity."

Edison stood by his hoax, because he would not let down the reporter, now a noted financial writer. Because of his own liking for an occasional fake, Edison has seldom complained of the fakes of which he has been the victim. He was compelled about thirty years ago, however, to make a public disavowal of the invention of a shirt that would last for three hundred and sixty-five days without removal or laundering. This garment was widely reported to consist of three hundred and sixty-five films, one of which was peeled off every morning, so that there was no excuse for any man's failing to display snowy linen. This was in the period when celluloid haberdashery was popular, but, as many a volunteer fireman discovered, dangerous. The whole linen situation was badly confused, and so much interest was taken in the Edison shirt that the inventor had to make his public denials in order to save himself from writing thousands of letters to his anxious countrymen.

Edison has never been a publicity-seeker. He used to enjoy his annual birthday interview, but it had to be suspended, because his hearing faded until there was only one reporter left who could pitch his voice within Edison's range of hearing, and that one insisted on telling things to Edison, instead of questioning him. Edison, however, has one thing to answer for—he is the father of that international bore, the horrors-of-the-next-war interview. Way back in 1896, when Grover Cleveland was shaking a finger at England, Edison explained how entire armies were to be sprayed into a coma by electrically charged atomizers, battleships to be blown up by flying torpedoes, and the enemy's guns to be turned against themselves by magnetism. In an interview in 1908 Edison predicted that airplanes would have no practical value. In 1911 he predicted that there would never be another great war. In 1927 he predicted that the talkies would never be popular.

In only one particular has Edison been an out-and-out crank—his hatred of cigarette-smoking. A life-long consumer of black cigars, he has always been intolerant of the deadly coffin-nails. Less than a year ago he put up another sign threatening to fire any degenerate caught puffing one of these character-sappers. It's not the tobacco so much as the paper jacket that rots the mind, he says.

THE old Prometheus, for no article on Edison is constitutional without an allusion to the theft of fire from heaven, gained twenty pounds a year ago after having his teeth out and appears headed for the family mark of one hundred and two years. He was feeling strong enough last summer to stay up until 2 A.M. with Henry Ford, Colonel Lindbergh, and others, trying to decide which of the forty-eight bright boys from forty-eight states was to be chosen to be groomed as the successor of Edison in the field of science and invention. That boy has a mark to shoot at.—ALVA JOHNSTON

*(This is the last of three articles on Mr. Edison.)*

• •

## PRIDE OF THE CITIES

*An Authentic List of Communities of International Preëminence, if We Are to Believe the Daily Press*

| CITY | NOTED FOR (per capita) | RECORD |
|---|---|---|
| Glasgow | Most bank deposits | 1 bankbook per 3 residents. |
| Killingly, Conn. | Most cemeteries | 1 cemetery per 122 residents. |
| Aunac, France | Most automobiles | 1 automobile per 9 residents. |
| Wipperfurth, Germany | Most saloons | 1 saloon per 100 residents. |
| Gothenburg, Sweden | Most telephones | 1 telephone per 5 residents. |

—W. E. FARBSTEIN

## OF ALL THINGS

THE N.Y.G.O.P.—what the Russians would call "Nygop"—have dropped the idea of reorganization. Like so many of us best people they will make the old machine do for another year.

•

The committee on lobbies is going to investigate pacifists next. The story is going around that peace propaganda is financed by the friendship builders.

•

There is no confirmation of the report that the Spanish dictator is about to quit dictating. At the present writing, Old Man Rivera just keeps ruling along.

•

Ambassador Edge, a high priest of protection, now has the job of arguing the French out of putting prohibitive duties on American motor cars. Well, free trade has made a charming new friend.

•

Mr. Morrow will enter the Senate with the respect and sympathy of all. The sympathy will come in handy when he tries to be a dry senator from New Jersey.

•

The theatre managers announce that they are about to end the evils of ticket speculation. In fact, the thirties look like the twenties in every way.

•

The newspapers published acres of reassuring statements by authorities upon the outlook. The trick is to realize on the paper prophets.

•

Old-timers will remember that many nice things were said about 1929, also, when it first appeared.

•

It now turns out that Nordics are no better than anybody else. They merely have a gift for getting along in what is jokingly called the Temperate Zone.

•

Californians seem hopelessly out of touch with the world's best thought. The news never reached them that Pittsburgh had one of the great football teams of all time.

•

The scientific Johnnies are investigating the ailment called arithmothymia—a passion for counting things. The sufferers, if good Republicans, should be given jobs in the census bureau.

•

Advance estimates of our population range from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and twenty-two million. Depending, no doubt, upon conditions in the stork market.

•

There is now good reason to hope that the Moronable Thomas Heflin is soon to be removed from the public ear. Praise be to Ala.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

## LINES FOR AN AMARYLLIS KEEPER

(BULB UNDER SEPARATE COVER)

Plant shallow
  Right side up
    In a pot
  Not a cup.
Let the earth not be fallow.

Keep dark
  Two weeks
    Till the germ
  Speaks.
Water four times and remark.

Bring to light,
  Water daily,
    Greet the flower
  Gaily.
See that all is done right.

—E. B. W.

*"Would you care to hear a coloratura soprano this evening, Mi*

# THE THEATRE

## FROM ENGLAND

IF St. John Ervine had been reviewing plays in New York this season, "The First Mrs. Fraser" would probably have drawn a good notice in the *World*, not because he was its author but because it is a play after his own heart. He would have loved it. In fact, he probably *does* love it, for, following its success in London and Chicago, he has been able to give up reviewing plays entirely.

There is everything in "The First Mrs. Fraser" that followers of the prose works of Mr. Ervine have come to expect. Concealed in the comedy, so thinly as to be completely exposed, is that old Ulster indignation at the Young People, the Smart Alecks, and the Nincompoops. There are our old friends, the man who "looks like something you see when you turn a stone over," and the one who "looks like something out of a sewer" (Mr. Ervine should really go in more for poetry now that he has leisure); there are the "noodles" and the "half-wits" (the comeback to the latter characterization being "You overestimate his intelligence"); and there is the less bitter but equally involved epithet of "a lop-sided crab slapping himself." It is almost like having the *World's* Guest Critic back with us again.

And yet, in spite of all this lyric bitterness, "The First Mrs. Fraser" is pleasant entertainment. You could hardly call it *novel* entertainment, for you have been seeing the same thing for the past twenty years, but there is an expert quality about the craftsmanship and a feeling for situations which place it far above the average comedy with the same plot. (Plot: Dull man divorces wife to marry beautiful girl. Beautiful girl tires of him. Dull man comes back to first wife who—oh, you know!) In case you get it mixed up with the others, you can always differentiate it as the one which had Grace George, A. E. Matthews, and Lawrence Grossmith in it. With a cast like that it doesn't make any difference whether you remember it as "The First Mrs. Fraser," "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," or "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney."

It is difficult to see how Mr. Ervine could have complained of his principals. (And, unless he has lost his old enthusiasm for a finely chiselled face, Miss Carol Goodner, as the second Mrs. Fraser, would have got a wonderful notice.) Miss George has practically an entire meal of duck soup as the discarded wife who sits back and makes cracks at the penitent husband; Mr. Matthews has never been better than as the obtuse Scot; and Mr. Grossmith is Mr. Grossmith, which is to say, delightful. Among Mr. Ervine's hated Younger Generation, Mr. John Halloran bears the brunt with a likability which the author might have resented.

QUITE incidentally, but perhaps explaining Mr. Ervine's offering such an old story to us in the guise of a new play, are his remarks in the London *Observer* of December 8 anent the offering of old stories:

> What effects are better than the old, tried effects? What jest is so new as the old jest? Every joke, indeed, is new to somebody, however ancient it may be to you, and in a few years a generation grows up which has never heard your chestnut and is ready to agree with you that it is the funniest, and freshest, that ever was uttered. The bore of bores is the fellow who has always heard your joke before, to whom no jest is unfamiliar, to whom every witticism is worn and stale, who knows before you've said it what you are going to say and interrupts you with "Yes, I've heard that one!" It may be new to all the others who are present but because this tedious ass has heard it, you must become silent and they must not hear it.
>
> But suppose they have *all* heard it before, the tedious asses!

I HAVE seen a lot of examples in my day, man and two boys, but I have never seen a better example of Audience Influence than that which was on exhibition on two successive nights at the Selwyn Theatre. The show was "Wake Up and Dream." The stars were Jack Buchanan, Jessie Matthews, and Tilly Losch. The background was a year of success in London and the prestige of a Cochran-Selwyn production. Everything was set.

On the opening night the audience was composed of well-dressed people who had paid a minimum of twenty-two dollars a seat and us badly-dressed pressmen who haven't paid a nickel for a seat since 1920. The house was, as we say in show-business, "tough." My impression, and the impression of most of those present on that occasion, was that "Wake Up and Dream" was one of the dullest revues ever put on the local boards. Mr. Buchanan worked hard, but to no avail. Miss Matthews was charming, but against what odds! The dancing, with Tilly Losch, Toni Birkmayer, Jean Barry, and Dave Fitzgibbon, was the only feature of the bill which offered any relief from the mighty *ennui* which swept the theatre, and you can't sit through a whole show which has no virtue but dancing. The gags got no laughs, and seemed to deserve none. A horse, named "Pogo," was funny, but, after all, we are pretty old to be amused again by two men dressed up as a horse. The whole affair was as complete a bust as a beautiful and well-produced revue could be. This was the opening night.

I went again the next night, to a midnight show given in celebration of a New Year known to its intimates as "1930." The audience this time was made up of friendly people, many of them stage-folk, many of them British, and all of them in a mood to be pleased. The show was the same as the night before, with one or two omissions. And this time, because the audience was working with the performers, the show took on the aspects of a riot. Jokes which had not been funny the previous evening suddenly became gems of humor, because they were greeted with laughter. Little shrugs of Mr. Buchanan's shoulders, futile gestures of defeat twenty-four hours before, brought down the house, and justly, too. Miss Matthews was charming again, but effectively so. The dancing was hardly to be borne, it was so spectacular. Under the mysterious alchemy of approval, "Wake Up and Dream" had

become a swell show. This, my friends, is the great wonder of show-business.

Which leads, quite naturally, into a brief talk on the psychology of the theatre. Those who do not care to read it may take refuge in that recently passed State law which allows readers to skip from one page to another. A joke, as has been well said, is a joke. Standing by itself, it is nothing. If the person, or persons, to whom it is delivered think it funny, it *becomes* funny. If they reject it, it is unfunny, even to the author. Just as there must be two to make a quarrel, so there must be at least two to make a joke. The tree crashing unheard in the forest makes no noise. A joke falling on unsympathetic ears ceases to be a joke. It is all very uncanny and strange.

I think that the answer to "Wake Up and Dream" falls somewhere in between those two nights. It is nowhere near as good as the first "Charlot's Revue" or "This Year of Grace," but it is also nowhere near as bad as it sounded on the opening night. Mr. Buchanan is still an ingratiating and amusing comedian, this time with material which puts him to something of a test. Miss Matthews is, no matter how you look at it, delightful. The dancing, Monday, Tuesday, or Wednesday, is superb. There are numbers by Cole Porter which are among the best he has ever written ("Which Is the Right Life?," bandied about from show to show during the past two years, is something which should be included in any collection of twentieth-century masterpieces, although it may need Mr. Porter himself at the piano to sing it), and the whole production is one which, for taste and smartness, reflects great credit on its sponsors.

*"Oh, those wondrous nights at Reuben's."*

But it still has an awful lot of old stuff in it, and it still is pretty dull at times. The rest depends on the audience.

THERE are several types of drama which never convince this particular section of the theatre-going public. One is that type which involves Italians or Spaniards. I don't believe any story which is laid in Italy or Spain, and I am too old now to begin to try. The Latins, handsome as they may be personally, are not real people to me (and I probably am not real to them—that is only fair). In this classification come pirates. I can see a show dealing with pirates, even those who hang around Penzance, and remain unmoved, and, what is more, I can remain uninterested. "Damn Your Honor," even with John Halliday, who usually has the power to compel at least my respectful attention, was to me slightly more than a colorful spectacle which dilated my pupils occasionally but left me in complete control of my emotions.

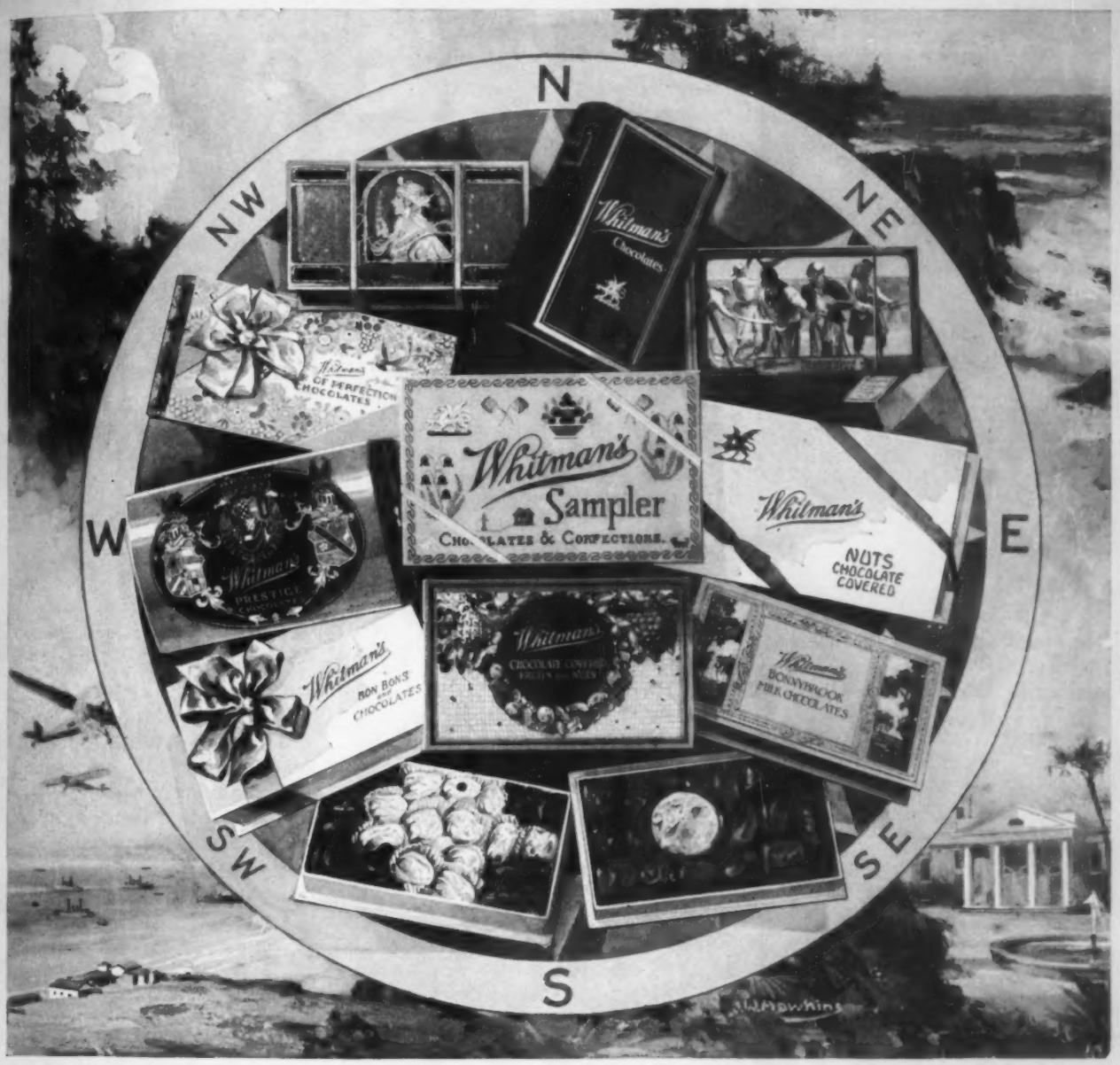
WHEN an organization like the Irish Players tries something like "The Silver Tassie" and fails, one is tempted to make allowances. "The Silver Tassie" was a tough job to undertake and many a more expert group of players than those in Sheridan Square might have foozled it.

But "The Playboy of the Western World" is not a tough job. The sets are simple and the lines are plain. It is a play which either can be done well or cannot be done well. And the Irish Players do not do it well. I myself am part Irish, God help me, and I could get together a small section of my own family, who are, by the same token, also part Irish, and we could put on a production of "The Playboy of the Western World" which would be just as good as that done down in Sheridan Square. In order to play this masterpiece, people have to be able to do more than talk with a brogue. And that seems to be the chief professional asset of the Irish Players. As a matter of fact, some of their brogues aren't so good, either.

THE play called "City Haul" is just what you would expect from anyone who would call a play "City Haul."

The play called "The Unsophisticates" is even worse than that.

—ROBERT BENCHLEY




# CONTINENT-COVERING CANDY

Travelers are still registering surprise that Whitman's chocolates, bought in the most distant parts of the continent, are up to the high mark of the same candies bought in New York or Chicago. People who live in distant parts have long ago learned that the stock of Whitman's in the local store is handled with care and sold with dispatch.

Not satisfied only to make fine chocolates right, Whitman's have built up a distribution through a network of selected agencies (nearly twenty thousand careful merchants). Each one serves fresh candies and is supplied direct from Whitman's.

Because of their popularity, Whitman's do not linger on the dealers' shelves. Success begets success. Every fresh and pleasing package sold increases the prestige of Whitman's. We take every possible care to see that the quality put into every package remains till the candy is eaten. Whitman's is the quality candy most called for—and is therefore freshest. Each package is doubly guaranteed—by us and by the dealer.

*To send Whitman's quickly to distant points, step into the nearest Postal Telegraph office and file your order. A uniformed messenger will deliver the package.*

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, INC., PHILADELPHIA
NEW YORK CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

**Whitman's Chocolates & Confections**

© S. F. W. & Son, Inc.

TO FIND NEAREST DEALER LOOK UNDER "WHITMAN'S" IN THE BELL TELEPHONE CLASSIFIED DIRECTORY

PACKARD

THE FINEST PACKARDS IN HISTORY

Packard cars have always been noted for their fine engineering and supreme craftsmanship; their superb performance and long life; their comfort, beauty and distinction.

Yet in the new Seventh Series Packard Eights, Packard has surpassed in every way, its greatest achievements of the past.

And when you have inspected the new Packard Eights, you will agree that naught but years of careful striving for perfection could have produced such altogether luxurious motor cars.

PACKARD

PACKARD MOTOR CAR COMPANY of NEW YORK
Packard Building, Broadway at 61st Street and Broadway at Sherman Ave. (near 196th Street)

BROOKLYN
Atlantic at Classon Ave.

PARK AVENUE PACKARD, INC.
6 East 57th Street

WEST END PACKARD COMPANY, INC.
Broadway at 106th St.

PACKARD BRONX COMPANY, INC.
696 East Fordham Road
2110 Grand Concourse at 181st St.

Ask The Man Who Owns One

## INVOCATION

(SMOOT PLANS TARIFF BAN ON IMPROPER BOOKS—*News Item*)

Senator Smoot (Republican, Ut.)
Is planning a ban on smut.
Oh rooti-ti-toot for Smoot of Ut.
And his reverend occiput.
Smite, Smoot, smite for Ut.,
Grit your molars and do your dut.,
Gird up your l—ns,
Smite h–p and th–gh,
We'll all be Kansas
By and by.

Smite, Smoot, for the Watch and Ward,
For Hiram Johnson and Henry Ford,
For Bishop Cannon and John D., Junior,
For ex-Gov. Pinchot of Pennsylvunia,
For John S. Sumner and Elder Hays
And possibly Edward L. Bernays,
For Orville Poland and Ella Boole,
For Mother Machree and the Shelton pool.
When smut's to be smitten
Smoot will smite
For G–d, for country,
And Fahrenheit.

Senator Smoot is an institute
Not to be bribed with pelf;
He guards our homes from erotic tomes
By reading them all himself.
Smite, Smoot, smite for Ut.,
They're smuggling smut from Balt. to Butte!
Strongest and sternest
Of your s–x
Scatter the scoundrels
From Can. to Mex!

Smite, Smoot, for Smedley Butler,
For any good man by the name of Cutler,
Smite for the W.C.T.U,
For Rockne's team and for Leader's crew,
For Florence Coolidge and Admiral Byrd,
For Billy Sunday and John D., Third,
For Grantland Rice and for Albie Booth,
For the Woman's Auxiliary of Duluth,
Smite, Smoot,
Be rugged and rough,
Smut if smitten
Is front-page stuff.

—OGDEN NASH

A LITTLE GEM

**FINGER sparkle comes from diamonds — tooth sparkle, from Squibb's Dental Cream. An engagement with Squibb's is pleasant any time, but particularly so after smoking.**

**There's never a chance for the first smoke to bite or the last one to growl, if you use Squibb's. Because Squibb's *protects.* Deep into all the crevices go little particles of Squibb's Milk of Magnesia—soothing, perking up your taste all around.**

**Squibb's sweetens the breath . . . puts an extra edge to your smoke appetite.**

**Hitch up to Squibb's Dental Cream today. Get the large tube at your druggist's.**

Copyright 1930 by E. R. Squibb & Sons

SQUIBB'S DENTAL CREAM

FLASHES OF BLUE LIGHT

THE BLUE SAPPHIRE. . . . *Its flashes of blue light trembling on the slim throat of the young Adelaide of Louvain . . . gleaming on cloth of gold and brocades at the court of Henry the First. . . . As now it is seen at an opera, at a dinner, when a long glove is removed, or when sables slip from a white shoulder* ♛ *From far-off Norman days when the flash of crossing lances vied with the quiver of jewels on the breasts of watching princesses, the blue sapphire has been the selected gem to adorn women of splendor. Something of infinity dwells in its blues within blues . . . wisps of light burning in a little windless calm* ♛ *And whether it is a star sapphire, veiling six points in a pale mist of its own, or a sapphire welling its deep pure blue from an embrace of tiny diamonds, if it is from the Marcus collection, its setting is individual and exclusive. . . . A fact apparent to distinguished families who have been coming to this house for their precious stones for over fifty years.*

## MARCUS & COMPANY • *JEWELERS*

*WM. ELDER MARCUS, Jr.* *CHAPIN MARCUS*

*FIFTH AVENUE AT FORTY-FIFTH STREET, NEW YORK* *LONDON* *PARIS* *PALM BEACH* *BOMBAY*

# SHOUTS AND MURMURS

## OVERSET

IN my newspaper days, laymen and laywomen of my acquaintance would, on learning that I had had only half an hour in which to indite this or that review of some passing drama, make many mirations, saying "Oh, Mr. W., I don't see how you could have written all that in half an hour."

"Ah, Madam," I would reply, with gentle dignity, "if I had had a whole hour the article need not have been so long."

This reply was always slightly dazing in its effect, but a doubt as to its validity has of late been undermining me. There need be no daily newspaper helter-skelter in preparing these pastoral letters, for instance, and yet I find an incurable garrulity keeps me from ever saying all I want to on any subject within the thousand-word limit of this page. Perhaps it is less garrulity than an enfeebled resistance against the impulse to digress. By-paths beckon me in every paragraph, and by the time I have reached the end of a parenthesis the page is all used up.

Thus, last week, in a stately discourse on "Peter Ibbetson," and the du Maurier chapter in Winterich's "Books and the Man," it took all my strength to keep from making a hundred detours. For instance, I noted with pain his omission of the fact that the manuscripts of both "Peter Ibbetson" and "Trilby," together with the charming drawings which were made for them, are lodged in the Morgan Library. Pasted in the front of the "Trilby" script is a note from du Maurier which says:

> The Ms. of "Trilby" contains passages by My wife, two sons & three daughters. This was a fancy of my own, to propitiate the Lares & Penates & to bring luck to the book.

At the recollection of that, I wanted to sit right down and have a good, speculative talk about what must have become of all those helping hands which prepared that first, fair copy for the printer. Even now not all those hands are still. The great Gerald du Maurier is still lazy and lordly in the London theatre, but his brother, Guy, was killed in action in 1915—the same Guy whose anonymous play, called "An Englishman's Home," forecast five years before the war an invasion of England by the Germans.

The mention of Mr. Winterich himself sends me rambling in another direction. He has emerged in recent years as a bibliophile of no little learning, humor, and renown. Indeed, he has become a kind of poor-man's, home-made A. Edward Newton. I knew the fellow in France during the war, when, for the weekly issues of the *Stars and Stripes*, he wrote the best headlines I ever found in any newspaper. Having enlisted to make the world safe for democracy, it was among his unforeseen tasks to edit the copy which I myself sent in from various parts of France. I remember that in celebrating the first Christmas after the Armistice, he went down to the composing room of the *Daily Mail*, and there made up a small package to put in my sock. The package contained thirty commas.

At that time, Mr. Winterich had been, in civilian life, both a trolley-car conductor and a reporter on the Springfield *Republican*, a curious blend of vocations which had made him an addict of all transit stories, such as Kipling's "007," for instance, and had made Winterich himself contribute fugitive articles and poems to the *Railway Men's Magazine*. Upon his discovering that in wartime Paris the trolley-cars were manned (if that is the proper participle) by women, his eye lighted with an unmistakable resolve, and thereafter his chief injuries during the war were sustained from being thrown off trams.

Speaking of Paris trams, I remember when—but there I go again.

THEN, from a recent discourse on typographical errors, lack of space bade me omit an elegant paragraph about the confusion which reigns when, as sometimes happens, a flawless caption, drawn up and proofread with exquisite care, is defeated by being printed under the wrong picture. Thus, I could not find any purely typographical fault in a caption about Mrs. Fiske recently set up in the composing room of the Newark *Leader*. Its effect, however, was distinctly impaired by its being published under the picture of a young man with a bald head and an expression of *ennui*. Then, only the other day, a photograph of myself, not libelous *per se*, was published in the Long Island *Daily News* with the caption "The Lady Who Sings With Her Fingers." Readers of that journal must have thought her an odd creature.

The sight of the clipping whirling about in the eddy of papers on my desk brings up, out of the limbo of fifteen years ago, the memory of a mildly hilarious evening in the office of the New York *Times*. One Sunday the front page of its usually sedate real-estate section was graced by a three-column cut showing a picture of a row of houses. The caption, "Unique Real Estate Development in the Bronx," was rendered piquant by the fact that the picture was printed upside down.

A PERCEPTIBLE dissonance between picture and text marks more than one in the pile of Christmas cards from beneath which your correspondent is just crawling out. (In this connection perhaps I should report some progress. The touching appeal published on this page in mid-December resulted in a Christmas Day which passed without my receiving a single pair of book-ends. Next December I shall wage—single-handed, if necessary—a stout campaign against the custom of sending out Christmas cards without sufficient postage. Once this battle has been fought and won—remember, Rome wasn't built in a day—we can all lend our sinews to a campaign against the pretty custom of sending out Christmas cards *with* sufficient postage.) But to return to the card I have in mind, receipt of which put me into a good humor for the entire Yuletide season. It was just a folder from a diva. On the outer page was this quatrain by Martin Luther:

> Away in a manger
> Without any bed,
> The Little Lord Jesus
> Lay down his sweet head.

This hardly prepared me for what lurked within. It was an autographed half-tone of Mary Lewis, dressed in a lustrous evening gown. Well, well, God bless us, every one.

—ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

# ARE YOU STILL THROWING COFFEE AWAY?

1. From the canister take a measure of crystals.

2. Put them in the cup.

3. Add hot water.

Well, they didn't drink it all... and so you throw away more cups of coffee. Day after day, it goes down the drain. What a needless waste, when you can make exactly as many cups as you need... not one cup more... with FineArt* Coffee in crystals. That's because you make it at the table in the cup, as it's wanted. These FineArt* crystals... this coffee in modern form that brings the true, fresh flavour of coffee directly to the cup... saves more than coffee thrown away. It saves time and trouble. For there is no percolator or pot to clean... no grounds to dispose of. Are you still throwing coffee away? Stop that year-round waste and serve delicious FineArt* Coffee, which costs you less per cup than you are used to paying for good coffee in any other form.

FINEART FOODS Incorporated ~ TUCKAHOE, N.Y.

You can get the dollar and the fifty cent FineArt* canisters at Gristede Bros., Busy Bee, Sheffield Farms Stores, Daniel Reeves, or your leading neighbourhood stores

*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

PURE COFFEE WITHOUT THE GROUNDS

PURE TEA WITHOUT THE LEAVES

Quand tout le monde s'en va aux villes d'hivernage...

*"When everyone is going to the wintering places, naturally" ... hurriedly the Sherry chef explains that he is very busy filling orders for winter-home larders . . . and stops just long enough to give these suggestions . . .*

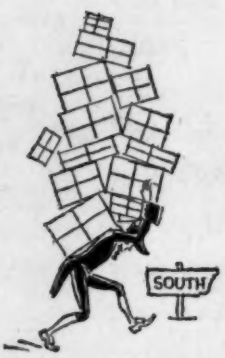
**SHERRY CONDIMENTS...**

**MEXICAN VANILLA BEANS . . . in natural strips, from Mexico . . . $1 the ounce . . . $15 the pound.**

**BRANDY AND RHUM SAUCES in glass... imported for Louis Sherry from Cognac, France. Exceptionally mellow flavors . . . for ice creams, cakes, puddings . . . $2 the quart.**

**MORTON'S 101 SAUCE... a piquant sauce for enlivening the flavor of meats and soups...75c the 12 oz. bottle.**

**SWEET PICKLED GRAPEFRUIT in glass . . . whole strips . . . delicious, served with meats and salads . . . $2.50 the 40 oz. jar.**




**HAVE YOU ORDERED PROVISIONS FOR YOUR WINTER-HOME?**

**FRESH BELUGA CAVIAR... this Sherry import has become increasingly famous... always latest catch... always large gray eggs. Will be shipped to your winter-home regularly on weekly or monthly standing orders.**

**THESE DELICACIES...**

**STILTON CHEESE . . . recently arrived from Melton Mowbray . . . in old-world porcelain crocks . . . $3.50 the 1½ lb. crock.**

**COMBINATION HORS D'OEUVRES... 6 individually-packed assortments of meat or fish... imported from France... $1.75 the bloc of 6 varieties.**

***The hors d'oeuvres de poisson aux aromes composés include:***

**Sandwich-regalia; filet de Thon à l'huile; sardines à l'huile; sardines à la ravigote; sardines à la tomate; sardines au citron.**

***The hors d'oeuvres de viandés et galantines include:***

**Crème sandwich truffée; galantine de volaille; paté de veâu et jambon; galantine de gebier; saucisses; hure de porc.**

TWICE-A-DAY MANHATTAN DELIVERIES
SPECIAL DELIVERIES AT SLIGHT CHARGE

*Selected displays in Madison Avenue and 62nd Street Shop. Consultation on cuisine by appointment, or telephone REGent 8530 for Sherry catalog.*

Louis Sherry

TABLE DELICACIES SHOP

AT MADISON AVENUE AND 62nd STREET
*Other Shops at — 373 Fifth Avenue (at 35th Street) -:- 748 Fifth Avenue (at 58th Street) -:- 300 Park Avenue*

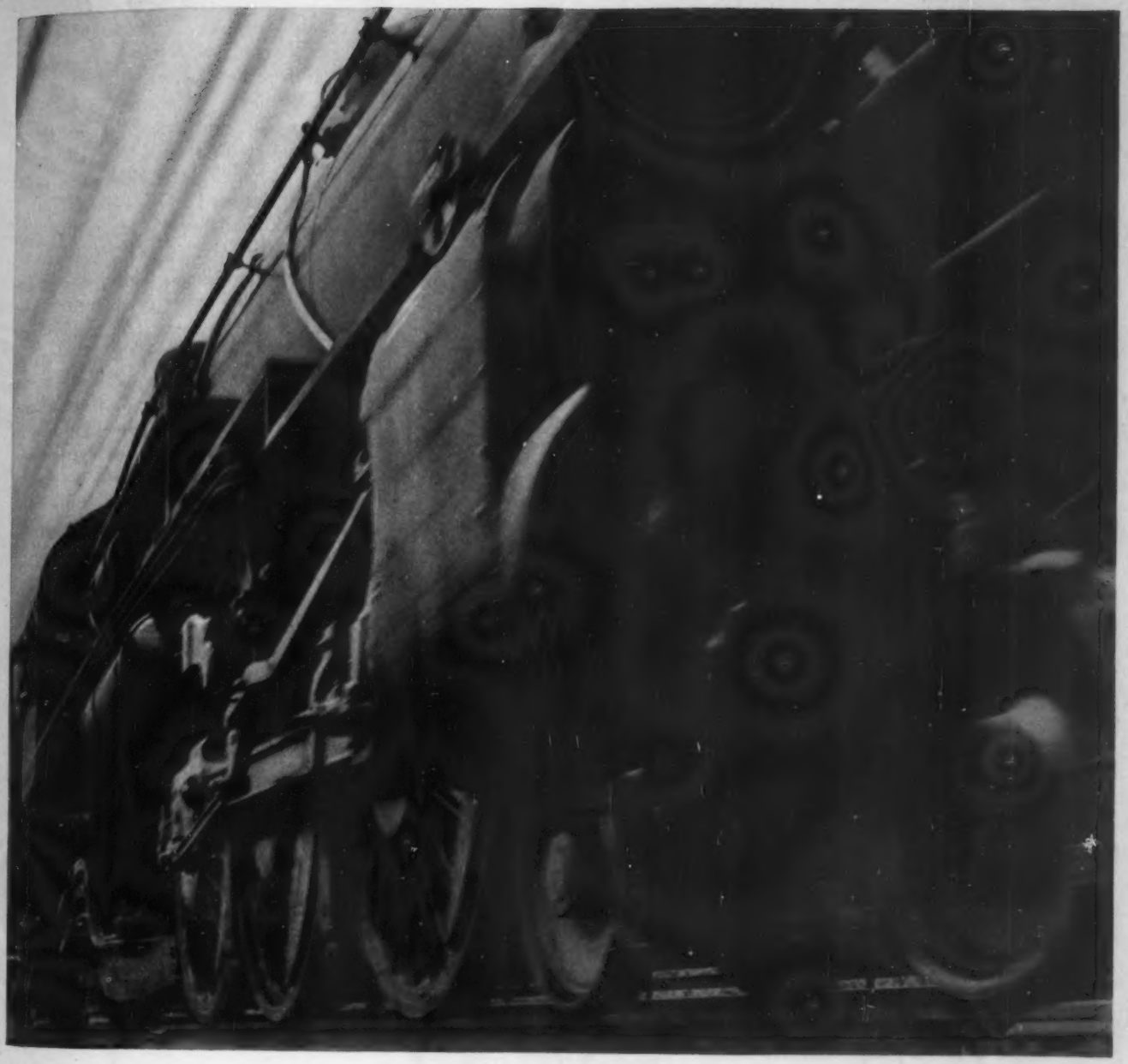

# HOCKEY

*A Team for the Book—Sales and His Mountaineers—Collegiana*

THE Yale team left no room for arguments. They beat the best team that Toronto, the greatest hockey college in Canada, has had for several years—beat them with a goal to spare when the puck was called back after an off-side just before the red light flashed. They had power, weight, speed, smoothness—everything. The defence worked like diagrams of how a defence ought to work—one man going out to take the puck-carrier and force a check at the sideboards, or to move in and wedge him in front of the goal. As for the swarm of stocky forwards in their midnight-blue jerseys that looked coal-black under the Garden lights, they were all so effective and so much alike that you had to watch hard to tell them apart: the celebrated Ding Palmer, last year's star, who already skates and checks as well as most pro rookies; Frankie Luce, the high scorer of the evening; husky Iglehart; blond Bostwick; that extraordinary goalie, Farrel, who is the only hockey player I have ever seen whose number is 0; Wilson, Bent, McClennan, Hickok—a team for the book.

EVEN excellent college teams have a way of playing fine hockey in their final practice before a big game and then forgetting all they know when they get on the ice in front of the crowd. The defence which functioned so smartly a day or two before seems paralyzed, each defence man waiting warily for his partner to get his opponent, and the forwards losing each other, forgetting to follow the puck into the corners, and getting started so raggedly on the offence that a smart opposing centre can get a poke-check, and maybe a goal. There were no symptoms of that sort in the Yale bunch. They played as though Lester Patrick had been working on them.

THE Princeton-Williams game, held earlier in the week, was more the kind of college hockey that we are used to seeing—a game played by wobbly, wildly energetic fellows without tactical knowledge but with plenty of ambition. Princeton brought down



# 2 o'clock 3 o'clock 4 o'clock

**Do you want to leave New York this afternoon at 2—at 3—or at 4?... Do you want to be in Chicago tomorrow morning at 9—at 10—or at 11?... The Pennsylvania Railroad now operates *three* de luxe trains on fastest schedules made between New York and Chicago: THE PENNSYLVANIA LIMITED · BROADWAY LIMITED · THE GOLDEN ARROW. These three Pennsylvania leaders are identical in luxury, speed, service. They travel a route over 50 miles shorter than that of any other trains of comparable running time. This wide margin ensures a smooth, easy run—on time arrival—speed with comfort! Three 20-hour Pennsylvania services likewise for the return trip, Chicago to New York.**

ESTABLISHED 1874

Wetzel

2 East Forty-Fourth Street New York

SMARTNESS attained through a knowledge of correct detail—is evidenced in clothes by WETZEL.

Copyright by Wetzel

**To stay at Gleneagles Hotel in Spring is life overflowing with everything that goes to the making of a pleasurable vacation . . . . where Scottish landscape and sport, and the delights of a famous hotel mingle into sheer joy. That's why so many discriminating folk from the four quarters of the earth make a point of going there year after year.**

*Accommodation should be reserved early. Apply to the Resident Manager, Gleneagles Hotel, Perthshire, Scotland. The Hotel is under the direction of Arthur Towle, Controller L M S Hotel Services, St. Pancras, London, N.W.1.*

*Literature obtainable from T. R. Dester, 200, Fifth Avenue, New York.*

**Direct Restaurant Car and Sleeping Car Services from Euston Station, London.**

*Open throughout the year.*

**You will like GLENEAGLES best in May and June.**

GLENEAGLES

HOTEL GOLF TENNIS DANCING FISHING
SWIMMING RIDING SHOOTING (*Clay Pigeon*)

more players, and bigger ones; their forward line was no faster than Williams', but it was better supported and had more time to rest.

Alex Sales, Princeton star a few years ago, coached the Williams team, and made a brilliant job of it, considering his material. He had three well-drilled forward lines—the first a formidable one, with Hoyt, the captain, who is also a varsity ball-player, and Ben Langmaid, who, listed as defence on the program, played centre most of the time. You could pick Langmaid out in any mêlée by the powerful, easy rhythm of his skating, and he could handle the puck accurately and quickly. Sales' second line wasn't so good, and his third, though nervy, was as light, and apparently as young, as an intramural team at a prep school. A college coach has to be more careful than the coach of a pro team in switching his lines in and out of the game; there are no amateur skaters who can stay on the ice for sixty minutes, like Ching Johnson. As soon as he sees some winger breathing hard, the coach passes word down to the line he wants: "All right. Get ready to go in at the next whistle." They leave their sweaters on the benches for the men who are coming off, and climb over the boards with frantic haste.

SIDELIGHTS OF THE COLLEGE GAMES INCLUDE: The boos for Paul and Marshall of Toronto, who got sore and showed it. . . . Johnson and Shipstead, a skating team from St. Paul, Minnesota, in a comedy dance that has been done before, but never done so well. . . . The sudden, ephemeral efforts of the Toronto cheering section. . . . The three Yale freshmen who bought some of those blue feathers. . . . Wheeler of Williams, serving a penalty, seated among the crowd on the south promenade. . . . Yale '98s in fur-lined coats, with their daughters; Yale '14s explaining the game to a customer from Detroit; Yale '32s in opera hats, very blasé. . . . The Garden's ushers suggesting by their courtesies that a comfortable customer is a customer who stays at home. . . . Referee Marchand climbing the boards.

—N. B., Jr.

•

### TROY "RECORD" SCOOPS ALL

[*From the Troy (N. Y.) Record*]

New York, Dec. 27 (AP).—Police Commissioner Whalen was killed on his way to Chicago today seeking information concerning a killer for hire who made his clients sign contracts.

# "We looked at lots of nice apartments . . . *but this one had a* GAS REFRIGERATOR"

*A tiny gas flame takes the place of all moving parts*

*Sparkling ice cubes . . . crisp, dry cold . . . made without sound. That's what the Gas Refrigerator means to you.*

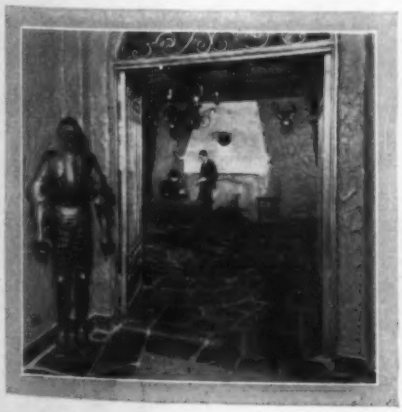
"WE certainly did some apartment hunting before we were satisfied. Some of the places were awfully nice too.

"Then we happened in here. It seemed ideal. And when we came to the kitchen . . . that really decided us. For there was a gas refrigerator."

Electrolux, the Gas Refrigerator, is absolutely noiseless . . . not merely quiet. The freezing action is continuous. There is no starting and stopping, no whir and hum of machinery to disturb the baby. There are no moving parts to make noise, to need oiling, to cause the slightest trouble. A tiny gas flame and a thin trickle of water make ice and keep food fresh.

### *Lowest operating cost*

Best of all, the monthly cost of Electrolux is ridiculously low . . . less, in fact, than that of any other refrigeration system.



Naturally this refrigerator appeals to discriminating apartment hunters. It indicates a building with the most modern equipment throughout. And it means that they can be sure of the very greatest refrigeration convenience.

*Plenty of ice . . . when you need it . . . for a few cents a day*

The builder himself really saves in the long run. He can consider the solid one-piece Electrolux freezing unit in the same way that he thinks of the steel girders in the apartment house. Scientists can find no reason why this refrigerator should ever wear out. The unique Double Duty model Electrolux is a great space saver for the modern, smaller apartment kitchen.

*The kind of apartment you want today . . . is the kind that has an Electrolux, The Gas Refrigerator.*

### *See Electrolux yourself*

If you have not seen the Gas Refrigerator or learned how this marvel *freezes by heat,* write or telephone for booklet, or call at your gas company's nearest display room where the many models of Electrolux are being shown. Crystal Green and Silver Grey finishes, besides the gleaming white. Electrolux Refrigerator Sales, Inc., 51 East 42nd Street, New York City.

**ELECTROLUX THE *Gas* REFRIGERATOR**

# THE WAYWARD PRESS

## STARTING FRESH

JUST as this department had resolved to read every word of every newspaper every day of the new year, along came those Special Business Forecast and Trade Review Sections on the very first day. So *that* resolution went to hell.

There must be some people who read the annual financial summaries and forecasts. The papers keep getting them out each year. It is possible that there are even those who actually look forward to them and who say crossly to their wives: "Aren't you through with the *Times* Chronology and Financial Tables yet?" To know that Norman Crump sees a return to normal business in 1930 and that Rollin C. Bortle (we are *not* making these names up; they are in the *Herald Tribune* for January 2) feels that the decline in interest rates will be an aid to finance must make interesting reading to some people, and who are we to deny them their fun? Of course, the prophecies of the experts and business heads do not look so impressive this year as they did last, because we had a lot of expert prophesying only a couple of months ago that somehow went sour during that thunderstorm; but anyway, there they are, with photographs of the prophets, and you may take them or leave them. We have already decided what we are going to do.

Sometime it would be very uninteresting to make a collection of all the stories written for the special New Year's sections of the newspapers and all the stories written by heads of automobile concerns which fill the journals during the week of the Automobile Show, and all the pseudo-news-stories about foreign lands run on the pages where the steamship advertising is; and then, when they are all collected in a nice, big scrapbook, make the advertising departments of the various papers read them. Or else, just wrap the scrapbook up in strong Manilla paper and tuck it 'way back on some high, high shelf.

Incidentally, in the matter of doing the right thing by the travel bureaus and steamship companies, the *Sun* is very broad-minded in its selection of news for those pages where their advertising appears. Following are some of the red-hot news items furnished to *Sun* readers in just one issue: "WINTER IS TIME FOR COAST TRIP," "SOUTH AMERICA GETS ATTENTION," "CZECHOSLOVAKIA IS BECOMING POPULAR WITH TRAVELERS" (special to the *Sun*), "HAWAIIAN NATIVES HOLD TO OLD WAYS," "MANY REPEAT BERMUDA VISIT," "EXPECT 100,000 SEA TRAVELERS DURING WINTER," and "ICELAND, THOUGH FAR NORTH, HAS A FEW HOT SPOTS."

It certainly is great to be living in an age when you can pick up your newspaper and read about things like that happening. And to think that there was a time when such dispatches had to be sent by postillion or native runners! Or better yet, weren't sent at all.

IT is not always the advertisers who get little reading notices for themselves. It is doubtful if Mr. Ziegfeld advertises in the *American* any more than he does in the other papers and yet, ever since it was announced that "Bitter Sweet" was going to open, 'way last fall, the dramatic pages of Mr. Hearst's papers have been practically given over to full-length portraits, sketches, silhouettes, and news-stories featuring Miss Evelyn Laye, the star. Of late, the space has been cut down to about two pictures a week and a little story now and then, but during the preliminary period of production, when Miss Laye was on the ocean on her way to America, then nearing America, then landing in America, then going up Tenth Avenue from the boat, the *American* gave over eighteen full columns of its space to her exploitation. One story even began:

" 'Give us tickets for "Bitter Sweet!" Give us tickets for "Bitter Sweet!"' This is the constant cry that one hears hundreds of times these days coming from the continuous line of eager purchasers who are flooding the lobby of the Ziegfeld Theatre that they may see the new operette." Etc., etc.

*"Oh, darling, we've been invited to our first gangster's funeral."*

It cannot be that Mr. Ziegfeld's advertising is worth all that publicity. It cannot be that Mr. Hearst's editors were really so excited about "Bitter Sweet" before it opened, or have maintained their interest at such a fever heat ever since. The only reason that we can think of for turning the *American* into a "Bitter Sweet" house-organ is a small item on the records of the Real Estate Board which attributes the ownership of the Ziegfeld Theatre, where "Bitter Sweet" is playing (matinées Thursday and Saturday) to one Mr. Arthur Bris-

# LACY GLASS

Collectors of American glass are fascinated by the exquisite character of the so-called "lacy glass" said to have originated at Sandwich, Mass. about 1827. Its delicate stippling shimmers in the light; its quality rings true and sweet when struck. Old and modern glass of bewildering beauty is intermittently acclaimed in both the news and advertising columns of the Saturday Antiques and Interior Decorations Section of The Sun, where the most interesting type of potential purchaser looks for true and current information.

The Sun

*The Newspaper of Distinction in its Readers, its News and its Advertising*

NEW YORK

# ...at the horse show it's FORM!

# Chester

SUCH POPULARITY MUST

© 1930, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

# ... in a cigarette it's TASTE!

IF ALL smokers knew what Chesterfield smokers know, only one question would be asked about any cigarette: "How does it taste?" For this is the one question that brushes aside all artificial issues.

* * *

So the extra emphasis on taste in making Chesterfield—its mild delicacy, its rich aroma, its wholesome, satisfying "character"—is an argument of first importance. Here, at least, is one cigarette that puts taste first—

**TASTE** *above everything*

# terfield

RIT UST BE DESERVED

MILD, yes . . . and yet THEY SATISFY

DON DICKERMAN'S DAFFY-DOZ

*"newest, gayest, and most talked of place in New York!"*

**46 West 8th Street**

*at supper*

*The California Collegians!*

**mad merrymakers from "fifty million frenchmen"**

***Lou Wood***
***Ted Beach***
***Herb Montei***
***Perc Launders***
***Alan Jones***
***Ray Adams***
***René Duplessiss***

*at dinner AND supper*

***Frank Alexander and Elizabeth Swanson***
**dancing**

***The Paige Sisters, Polly and Peggy***
**singing**

***Walter Sealtiel***
**amusing and amazing european wizard**

*also breakfast, luncheon, and tea, continuous dancing from 6:30 to three*
*no cover charge until 9:30*

*for reservations phone George Spring 0223 – 0224*

bane, who has leased it to Mr. Ziegfeld for twenty years at sixty thousand dollars a year.

Then, again, of course, that may have nothing at all to do with it.

THE mantle of Whistler, so long worn by Mrs. Coolidge, as reported in those little front-page boxes in the *Times*, would seem to have descended on Mrs. Hoover. On January 2 we find the following *mot* credited to the First Lady of the Land. It seems that the Marine Band had been playing at the White House reception and, at the conclusion of the concert, Mrs. Hoover delivered the following crack:

"Your music has been so nice," Mrs. Hoover said. "I hope all of you and your families will have a Happy New Year." (*Quick Blackout.*)

NOW that the *Times* has flown over the South Pole and everything has been more or less cleaned up by Rear Admiral Byrd, the Russell Owen dispatches from Little America are slipping back into the old Rover Boys Afloat tone that they used to have when the expedition first started out. Everyone has given credit to everyone else and everyone has refused to accept it (*some*body must deserve the credit, but we shall probably never know who it is) and there isn't much left to do now but come home. In the meantime, Mr. Owen's Christmas dispatch ended on a note which all of us must recognize as the one first sounded by Horatio Alger in the old days of "Pluck and Luck."

(The boys had just got word of their chief's appointment as Rear Admiral and had jumped to their feet and come to attention as he entered the room.)

The new Admiral knew then what had happened and he looked a little embarrassed as he stood there for a moment smiling

"Well," he said, looking around the room full of men, "you fellows made me a Rear Admiral. You did the work."

Then the crowd pushed forward and shook his hand, calling him Admiral until under the unfamiliar title he looked as though he wanted to get out of sight. It was a sincerely warm and enthusiastic feeling of congratulation and Admiral Byrd showed that he felt it deeply. Every one felt that it was the best Christmas present the expedition could have had.

And so, tired but happy, we went to bed, all vowing that it had been just the most successful outing the Club had ever had. —GUY FAWKES

# THE ONLY ROUTE BETWEEN CHICAGO AND THE EAST

## SAFEGUARDED ALL THE WAY BY THE AUTOMATIC TRAIN STOP

WHEN you travel between Chicago and New York or Boston on the *20th Century Limited,* or any other New York Central train, you are safeguarded by the most modern system of Automatic Electric Block Signals and the still newer Automatic Electric Train Stop.

No other route between Chicago and the Atlantic Seaboard has this double protection—all the way.

The Automatic Electric Train Stop makes it impossible for an engineman to drive his train into a danger zone. If he fails to stop his train in response to the Electric Block Signal, this new automatic device stops it for him.

In fog or sleet, or in a blinding blizzard, a danger signal can never be passed—night or day—because the automatic protecting device always stands ready instantly to take the place of the engineman's hand if he fails to respond to a block signal.

New York Central has expended many millions of dollars in thus safeguarding its great fleet of trains. On no other railroad in the world has greater progress been made in the installation of safety devices.

# NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES

TWENTIETH CENTURY LIMITED . *Chicago, New York, New England*
SOUTHWESTERN LIMITED . . . . *St. Louis, New York, New England*

GREAT WHITE FLEET

Printed pages *point the way*

TO other lands with their rich lore of romance printed pages point the way, launching the desire to follow the nomad's trail.

Just a short sail from New York or New Orleans lie the colorful lands of the Caribbean. Havana invites you to revel, Santiago to see and dream . . . Kingston and Port Antonio beckon from their Jamaican palm bower... Cristobal welcomes you to the Panama Canal Zone. In mountainous Costa Rica is fascinating old Port Limon; in Colombia, Santa Marta, Puerto Colombia, and legend-haunted Cartagena; in ancient Guatemala, Puerto Barrios, and Guatemala City; in British Honduras, Belize; and in orchid-tinted Spanish Honduras, Tela.

The Great White Fleet are the only ships in the world built exclusively for tropical cruising. Sailings twice weekly from New York, three times weekly from New Orleans. First class passengers only. Cruises, 9 to 24 days, all expenses included—shore motor trips, hotel, and railroad accommodations. Write to

*Passenger Traffic Department*
UNITED FRUIT COMPANY
*Steamship Service*
Room 1630, 17 Battery Place
New York City

CARIBBEAN
*via*
GREAT WHITE FLEET

## JOHNSON RETURNS

To the Editors of THE NEW YORKER:
SIRS,

MAY I call your attention to an item in the Rake (Iowa) *Register* of recent date? The item mentions THE NEW YORKER, and since it questions the integrity and aims of your publication, I feel I must ask you for a statement of your policy, since I am a subscriber. The article, which is headed "Johnson Returns," follows:

Sunday evening the Baptist church was addressed by Reverend Johnson, our prominent citizen, who just returned from an extensive trip to New York, Des Moines and other metropolises. The text of his sermon compared the beauty of life in Rake with big city vice and rampantness. "In New York, God-fearing men are not safe on the streets. All the people read newspapers and magazines which are indecent and unfit for clean minds." To illustrate his text Rev. Johnson showed, to the mature members of the congregation only, some examples of typical New York life recorded in print. One was a paper whose cover contained pictures of young women in attire fit only for their husbands' eyes. A widely read magazine called the New Yorker had on its cover an unappropriate picture of a man purchasing underwear for ladies. In the pages of this magazine was absolutely no church news and nothing but evidences of bizarre night life, dissipation and clothes which no self-respecting women would wear. "It is deplorable," said Rev. Johnson, "that the citizens of New York will permit such wickedness to be flaunted before them." The service was concluded with Eleanore Watts rendering "Oh Give Us Strength" and the benediction.

Such a challenge, printed in a reputable newspaper and written by a minister of the Gospel, can scarcely go unanswered. I looked up the issue of THE NEW YORKER referred to by Rev. Johnson (issue of Dec. 7) and found that he was substantially correct in his charges. There was no church news, and churches are an important part of the life of the city which you attempt to portray, and throughout the hundred and seventy-six pages there were countless evidences of bizarre night life. The cover was a picture of a man purchasing underwear for ladies, and the cowardly artist had been too ashamed to affix his signature to the drawing, but had signed only an enigmatic "M." Further, I looked through the issue and found many other signs of decay and depravity. On page 19, in an advertisement, was a picture of a woman playing tennis in pajamas; and the department store, unabashed, gave its

EUROPE

*HOW TO TRAVEL INDEPENDENTLY*

Independent travel to Europe is so called because it makes the traveler independent of worry and annoyance. Whether you travel by automobile, aeroplane, motor coach, or train, you do not leave to chance any of the essentials of the trip.

The itinerary is based on your ideas of where you wish to go and how long you can stay—London, Paris, Vienna, Madrid...and *Oberammergau, without a doubt.* Everything is attended to in advance—steamer tickets, hotels, seats on trains, sightseeing, etc., just as though a private secretary had arranged it all. And you sail with the assurance that your trip has been expertly planned from beginning to end.

A telephone message, personal call, or a note will bring plans and suggestions, and upon your approval reservations will be made immediately.

AMERICAN EXPRESS
*Travel Department*

65 Broadway . . . . New York City
58 E. Washington St. . . . . Chicago
Market at Second Street . San Francisco
601 McGlawn-Bowen Bldg., Atlanta, Ga.

*American Express Travelers Cheques Always Protect Your Funds*

telephone number, Wickersham 4400. On page 21 was a snivelling little editorial in defence of felons and in utter contempt of law and constituted authority. On page 25 was a drawing implying that the kiss of a motion-picture actress might be of two weeks' duration. On page 31 a drawing by one Peter Arrow showed two young people who had become separated from their automobile, at night. Throughout the back part of the magazine, page after page, were listed the accoutrements of sin and effeteness—lip rouge, jewels, entertainments, luxurious motor cars, skin creams, cigarette lighters, clubs of diversion, automatic toasters, penthouses, atomizers, ermine wraps, adjustable garters, cruises to the West Indies, bath salts, Benedictine, beauty treatments of one sort and another, sanitariums, private supper rooms, and dozens of other things contributing to a dissolute and degenerate age. In the entire issue I could discover only three touches of stability and decency. One was an advertisement of a mausoleum company (and they, too, had given their telephone number, Caledonia 2662); one was a mention of the Book of Genesis, in a somewhat obscure poem about a fox, signed shamefacedly "E.P.W.;" and the third was a tribute to man's quality of persistency, in the form of a list compiled by a Mr. W. E. Farbstein in which he named persons who had been persistent during the year 1929—and here, too, I thought poor taste was shown in including the case of a man who had beaten his wife eighty-six times, even though it exemplified persistency.

In short, may I have a statement of your policy, as I am not sure I want THE NEW YORKER to come into my home?

FAIRFAX VINTON
CRESTWOOD, N. Y.

•

COMING OUT PARTY COSTS $50,000—Party in which Miss Edith Kingdon Drexel, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel, Jr., makes her bow to society in New York with dinner and supper dance, costs approximately $50,000. Expenses include special rain for guests from Philadelphia.—*Caption in a Massachusetts paper.*

Scented?

•

The third man allegedly the dynamiter, Jimmy Caputi, it was stated by Bruni, has since been killed by his wife before he was married, somewhere in New Jersey.—*Waterbury (Conn.) Republican.*

Sounds like New Jersey.


Rock Island

NEW *de luxe*
GOLDEN STATE
LIMITED

*Direct*—to the Sunny Southwest

Shortest and best way Chicago to El Paso-Juarez, Tucson, Chandler, Phoenix, Indio, Palm Springs, Agua Caliente—quickest by many hours.

Winter Paradise—palatial hotels—delightful ranches. Days of golf, tennis, polo, horseback riding, ranch sports interspersed with hours of luxurious ease;—and nights!—A Venetian night was never more entrancing than the shimmering starlit desert!

No Extra Fare

Superfine—Expressing the Utmost in Travel Luxury

*Convenient Schedule—Minimum daylight hours en route—Only 2 days Chicago to California—3 days from Coast to Coast*

Rock Island-Southern Pacific Golden State Route—direct low altitude warm winter way to Los Angeles and San Diego. Through sleepers from St. Louis and Minneapolis.

ROCK ISLAND
*THE ROAD OF UNUSUAL SERVICE*

*For detailed information, mail this coupon*

P. W. Johnston, Gen'l Agt. Pass'r Dept., 723 Knickerbocker Bldg., Broadway and 42nd St., New York, N. Y.
or
L. M. Allen, Vice-Pres. and Pass'r Traffic Mgr., 770 La Salle St. Station, Chicago, Ill.

Please send me literature descriptive of Arizona and California and full information regarding train schedules and service via Golden State Route.

*Name*.....

*Address*.....

## To break the back of a long winter... a Cunard-Anchor West Indies Cruise . . .

Cruises of varying length from 12 to 26 days. An excellent way in which you can economically exchange the depression of winter for sun . . . for gaiety . . . for continental life done up in the golden wrapping of the tropics. Switch your summer vacation to winter and follow the sun! Revel in the color of sun-splashed ports . . . of golf in Nassau . . . swimming in Bermuda . . . dancing in Havana. Substitute a charming chintz-hung Cunard stateroom . . . Cunard vacation genius . . . Cunard service for traffic jams . . . heated rooms . . . subway skirmishes. Invest in the sun via Cunard and draw nerve-relaxing, joy-inspiring dividends for all the rest of the year.

VARIED ITINERARIES INCLUDING

San Juan, Santiago, Port-au-Prince, St. Pierre, Fort de France, Barbados, Trinidad, La Guayra, Curacao, Colon, Kingston, Havana, Nassau, Bermuda.

NEXT SAILINGS:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Jan. 16 | s. s. Caledonia | 26 days | $275 |
| Feb. 15 | s. s. Caledonia | 26 " | 275 |
| Mar. 15 | s. s. Caledonia | 18 " | 200 |
| Apr. 12 | s. s. Samaria | 12 " | 175 |

Send for descriptive literature to your local agent or 25 Broadway, New York

CUNARD-ANCHOR WEST INDIES CRUISES


# PARIS LETTER

PARIS, JAN. 1

FOR the first time, the government of France has been permitted to celebrate the New Year with a glass of champagne rather than a state paper in its hand. Until now France's fiscal year ended on December 31, midnight; its Senate thus sat over parliamentary matters up to the last minute, and never got its shopping done. Ministers hurried about signing papers until the clock struck twelve, when they should have been in Montmartre with their constituents hours ago. Tardieu's recent decision to have France make up its budget in April, like other Christian lands, is important in that it has given politicians the first real Happy New Year since they were elected. He has delayed the budget to coincide with the first spring functioning of the Young Plan, a moment France is already holding its breath for; and, what is even more important, his decision disclosed the fact that the nation's coffers show a surplus of some six milliard francs. Some of the six milliard taxes under which gay Paree struggles to be gay are, therefore, to be reduced—let us hope *ad absurdum*.

In any case, the constantly mounting prices at which a few hundred thousand Americans have annually complained for the past two years, and under which fifty million Frenchmen have groaned, should, it is announced, cease mounting. Of particular good cheer to American travellers is the news that the hotel luxury tax will probably be abolished. This will mean a saving of seventeen per cent at the Ritz.

However, to show that every silver lining has its cloud, at the same time the Métro fare will probably go up three sous.

"ABIE'S IRISH ROSE" kept thousands of Americans up late, week after week, for years; but as "Mon Curé chez Mon Rabbin," it kept hundreds of Parisians up all night one night when the Paramount gave its 9 P.M. to 9 A.M. continuous Christmas Eve performance, with Tillerette Girls, ushers, and orchestra leader all faithfully functioning not only through the moment when came the dawn but even when came


West Indies

14-DAY CRUISES
for as low as $140
on the popular cruising liner
"ARAGUAYA"
FEBRUARY CRUISE
FROM NEW YORK
February 22
Ideal Mid-winter vacation

5 LATER CRUISES
Visiting 5 most interesting ports: Havana; Santiago de Cuba; Kingston, Jamaica; Port au Prince, Haiti; Nassau, Bahamas; or Bermuda.

Bermuda

The world-famous cruising steamer
"ARCADIAN"
especially selected for this Popular Service
SAILING EVERY THURSDAY
From New York to
"The Gulf Stream Playground"
This magnificent 19,500 ton, oil-burning steamer provides exceptional comfort and luxury for the 2-day voyage.

For reservations, illustrated booklets, etc., apply to the

ROYAL MAIL
STEAM PACKET COMPANY
26 BROADWAY NEW YORK
or Local Agents

Montreal

ABROAD!
without crossing the seas.

Thrill to the Old World Charm of this incomparable city! (Second largest French speaking city in the world)

Here is King Winter's gay capital, and gorgeous Mount Royal is his throne. Ten minutes from your hotel and you are in the heart of a mountain playground with winter sports of all sorts.

Just the place for the week-end or longer.

DE LUXE PULLMAN SERVICE
10 Hours from New York
For booklet write No passports required

Montreal Tourist and Convention Bureau, Inc.
New Birks Building Montreal, Canada

# Winter sports have set the pace for winter styles of the new HOOD RAINTOGS

ONE of the most interesting things to women about the past summer was the wholehearted endorsement Fashion gave to Health. Never was interest in the benefits of exposure to sun and air quite so keen. Fashion, once favoring pale skin tones, declared itself for sun-tan. And styles kept pace.

This winter, styles are anticipating the increasing joys of staying out-of-doors. Women who refuse to be firesiders are finding new delight in this season's modes of the open. Adequate weather protection is accomplished without the slightest sacrifice of *chic*.

Consider the new Hood Raintogs, for example. Here you have an entirely new and different development in protective footwear for the winter months. Raintogs are made of an attractive suede-finish material in a variety of shades that make ensemble harmony merely a matter of selection. Light as a feather on your feet and yet absolutely waterproof.

Raintogs are made in all sizes and in various widths and heel heights which insure perfect fit for all types of modern shoes. They are patented by the Hood Rubber Company and are sold only under the Hood trade-mark. To try them on is to realize their delightful combination of utility and their smart appearance.

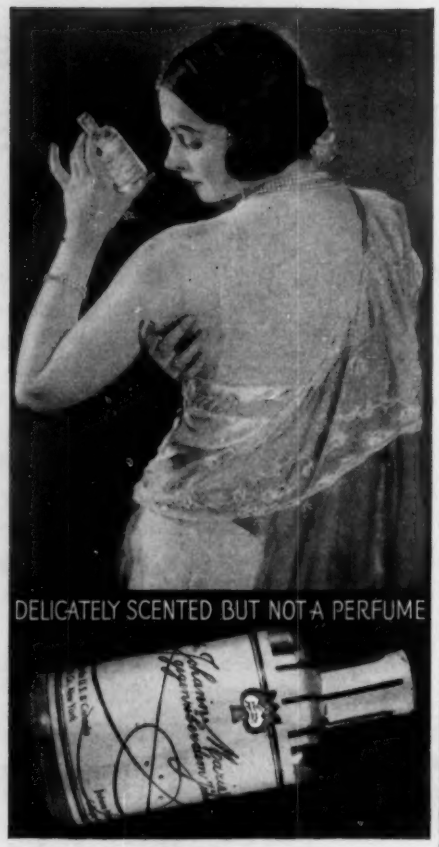
HOOD RainTogs

*Made only by*
HOOD RUBBER COMPANY, INC.
*Watertown, Mass.*

*Raintogs are washable. If soiled by mud or grease they can be quickly restored to their original appearance by simply washing with ordinary soap and water.*

*You'll find these fascinating new stormproof, washable Raintogs at all the best shops.*

# To make you SURE of yourself




PERSPIRATION odors cannot be conquered by the bath alone. As a necessary ally to the tub, fastidious Europe has used Farina's Red Crest Cologne ever since 1709.

And now the alert men and women of New York are learning that this 220-year old cologne has never been duplicated either in blend or in its unfailing sureness.

As a quick freshener, as a thrilling climax to the bath, as a gentle astringent, Farina's Red Crest Cologne will rarely be idle in your cabinet.

At all good toilette goods counters. But be sure to ask by full name for "Farina's Red Crest Cologne," because any product so old and so good is bound to be copied. Glass bottles, $1.00 and $2.00 sizes. Wicker bottles, $1.75, $3.00 and $6.00 sizes. Sole Distributor for U.S.A., Geo. Borgfeldt & Co. 111 E. 16th St., N. Y. C.

*Now! A really luxurious Shaving Lotion* Soothes—smooths—heals the nicks. As fine as the cologne which forms its base. Ask at the better shops for *Farina's Red Crest Shaving Lotion*. Price $1.

FARINA'S
RED CREST
COLOGNE
BATH SALTS BATH POWDER
*Look for the* Red Crest


the breakfast. This is the first time that Paris, noted for its night life, has had to live up to its reputation. Quite a nice business was done, about one o'clock, with the pious just out from midnight Mass; a later boom was furnished by the less pious, just out from Montmartre and with no place to go, the day bars not being open yet. As the only American Cathedral of the Motion Picture here, Paramount feels it must set a pace.

Also, an explanatory note should be made about the recent mutiny of French customers against the "Fox Movietone Follies of 1929," at the Moulin-Rouge, which, though happily hailed by French and British journalists as a revolt against the superiority of American films in general, was unhappily not even a revolt against an inferior American film in particular. It was merely a protest by very mad French spectators who spoke nothing but French against a talkie which spoke nothing but American, and for which the Moulin-Rouge's French management had neglected to supply French captions. It cannot be much fun for the French to have to listen constantly to talkies in a language they do not understand; they can't believe it's even less fun for the listeners who do understand. Yet only two French sound films exist in Paris at the moment: "Les Trois Masques," and "Le Collier de la Reine," an excellent historical rehash of the Lamotte-Marie Antoinette necklace affair, taken *in situ* at Versailles.

AT this time of year, contrary to custom, new plays worth writing home about continue to appear.

The best of the lot deals with the Ritz. Its famous corridors are the setting, and its famous *maître-d'hôtel*—if he will pardon critics pointing in a manner he'd never countenance—is the hero of Bourdet's new hit, "Le Sexe Faible," at the Michodière. The last time M. Bourdet wrote of the weaker sex they were in "La Prisonnière;" this year he has changed their sex and made them weaker. They are the marriageable young men. His extremely post-war comedy shows a hotel as the modern heaven where matches are made; deals with devoted residents of France, only one of whom is French; uses as a *deus ex machina* a *maître-d'hôtel* whose professional diplomacy is indispensable to his clients, who, being non-professional, have none; and features the struggles of a dominant *maman* to house her youngest son with an American millionairess, the


H.K. BREWER & CO.

*memory joggers*

**Calendar reminder pads—a sheet for every day. Pocket note books; Diaries—useful and sometimes invaluable. Fill your needs while the year is young. Three Brewer stores ready to serve you—promptly.**

STATIONERS
ENGRAVERS & PRINTERS
*Since* 1835

21 East 41 st | 45 East 45th | 42 Exchange Place

Golf

GRASS GREENS
in the Mid-South All Winter
on a Donald Ross Course
*Only 21 1/3 hours from New York*

Forrest Hills-Ricker Hotel
AUGUSTA, GEORGIA
*Now Open*

Quail Shooting now at its best—Horseback riding over woodland trails—Trap shooting—Tennis—Municipal Airport near at hand. Brokers' office. Private wire to New York and leading exchanges.

*Operated by* RICKER HOTEL COMPANY

*For rates, booklet and full information address hotel or N. Y. Office, 680 5th Ave.*

while her luckless daughter is left to solve her future unaided by opening a shop and buying an Argentine gigolo with the profits. "Le Sexe Faible" is rare in being the only real two-act play in the world, an effect somewhat marred by Bourdet's having added a useless third. It is also rare for its bad construction, its confusion, and its marvellous talk. The gigolo's speech on the martyrdoms of his trade is a gem.

The piece is also unusual for its large and perfect cast, with Boucher as the *maître-d'hôtel*, captivating old Cheirel as the mother, and Moreno as an ancient, amorous Slavic countess, a performance that is first-rate satire. The old order of commercial dramatists is dying here; Bourdet is a leader in the new group, competent to produce a play annually that is worth his writing and others' talking about.

The second play of automatic interest to capital-dwellers is "Carine: Ou la Jeune Fille Folle de Son Âme," by the Belgian, Crommelynck, one of the most important playwrights in Europe. His refined bride, so disillusioned by a castle kermess that she kills herself, is incomprehensible except to art-lovers who have taken a good look at the unlovely details in a Van Ostade or Teniers interior. Motivated, perhaps, by the same disgust that the Flemish painters felt for what they showed, Crommelynck has closely followed the low Little Masters of the Lowland School. What he does—as was the case with what they did—is not pretty. Nor is it, in his case, even art.

The third play of international importance has been "Les Criminels," Bruckner's famous lodging-house piece, the hit of Vienna last year, in which every window tells a different crime. Played here in translation by the Pitoëffs, and bowdlerized for fear of offending French taste, it so far has failed to please the French—principally because the heroine is a cook. As theatre-goers, the French remain good gourmets; apparently they think a cook's place is still in the home.

—GENÊT

•

**LETTERS WE HAD TO READ TWICE**

To the Editors of THE NEW YORKER:

SIRS,

Did you know, or would you have guessed, that the arches in the street show window of Childs "Old England" at 9 East 40 are exact duplicates of those in Caverswall Church, near Caverswall Castle, Staffordshire? Well, they are.

Yours truly,

CHILDS COMPANY


THE GAIETY OF SPEED

Ball Room S.S. Bremen

LLOYD EXPRESS

BREMEN
EUROPA
COLUMBUS

FRANCE
ENGLAND
BREMEN

Lloyd Traveler's Checks
Good Everywhere

The Luxury of Service in the Lloyd Special Cabin Quartet—BERLIN · STUTTGART · MUENCHEN DRESDEN to England, Ireland, France and Germany.

NORTH GERMAN LLOYD
57 Broadway, New York City, or your local agent

NORTH GERMAN LLOYD

# Handwritten at REUBENS

As Reported by ALVIN AUSTIN

**GEORGE M. COHAN:**

*Geo. M. Cohan*

**He may be Irish—his name may sound Semitic—he may have been born on the fourth of July—but believe it or not the dish he ordered was Scotch Woodcock à la Reubens. Just a grand old wag.**

**LENORE ULRIC:**

*Lenore Ulric*

**Some like 'em cold. But Miss Lenore (Kiki—Tiger Rose—Lulu Belle—Mima) Ulric prefers 'em *très chaud* and discovers that chili con carne à la Reubens is plenty torrid.**

**LIBBY HOLMAN:**

*Libby Holman*

**Moaning incomparably low nightly at the Music Box, Miss Holman believes there are few things that can bring back her high spirits so thoroughly as our chef's ravishingly tasteful Reubenola.**

**REUBEN'S**

***Always Open:* Breakfast; Luncheon; Dinner; After Theatre**

**Madison Ave. at 59th—Broadway at 81st**

**Philadelphia: 213 South Broad Street**

*from a sandwich to a National Institution*


# GREAT EVENTS OF 1929

## A Retrospective Glance

THE United States, as usual, maintained its preëminence over other nations throughout the year in practically all human activities. We led the whole world in losses by crime; more specifically, in jewel robberies, gang warfare, racketeering, and unpunished murder. We were easily first in forest-fire damage, in general fire losses, and in fires caused by careless smokers. In reckless air navigation, in damnfool marathons and endurance stunts, in radio-loudspeaker noise, in comic-strip droolery, in blatant billboards, wayside wieneries, and Ye Olde Shoppes, there was simply no one else in our class. In urban street uncleanliness and antiquated methods of removing waste, we were running a close race with certain oriental countries, but managed to hold our own.

IT was an eventful year in literature. The nine hundred and eightieth biography of George Washington and the seven hundred and forty-third life of Lincoln appeared during the season, each being announced as Striking an Entirely New Note in Biography. "Writing neither as eulogist nor idol smasher and presenting only *fact*, the author has brought forth an astounding figure—a Washington so real that you know him intimately, a Washington who lives and breathes and walks the world of men."

The literary field was invaded by many new authors, three of the most distinguished being Dr. and Mrs. Calvin Coolidge and Mr. Alfred Smith. Though classed as amateurs (none of them being a member of the Authors' League of America), they must be good; the prices paid for their manuscripts prove that. When professional writers heard that Dr. Coolidge had earned over one hundred thousand dollars by his pen within the first six months after leaving the Presidency, several of them went slightly gaga and were found butting their heads against trees and biting members of their families. The products of these three eminent scribes are invariably referred to as Human Documents. None of them has as yet written a life of Washington or Lincoln.

Scientific and other cultural activities during the year were numerous and interesting. The State of Kansas issued sanitary rules for kissing. The "Encyclopædia Britannica's" new edi-

# Nogales

**Arizona's Cuidad de Salud**
*(City of Health)*

THREE-QUARTER-mile-high NOGALES *("No-gal-iss")*...a friendly city...as Will Rogers says "comes nearer being a real Western town than anything we got left".

Spend your vacation in the best all-round climate in the Southwest! Hunting, riding, fishing, rodeos, golf...every month in the year! See the real West at a modern "dude ranch"...or stay at a comfortable family hotel.

An international airport. Largest customs port of entry on entire Mexican border. Good schools, shops, churches...a progressive city...a mighty good place to live in!

*Write for illustrated free booklet. Come Southern Pacific...Transcontinental Highway...or Air-Rail Express.*

**NOGALES WONDERLAND CLUB, Inc.**
912 Chamber of Commerce Building
NOGALES, ARIZONA
PLEASE SEND FREE NOGALES BOOKLET

*Name*.....

*Address*.....

# ALLERTON HOUSES

**New York City**

SO located they offer the social value of a distinctive address with the air and service of the select club; lounge, library, billiards, squash courts and handball courts.

**$15 to $25 Weekly**

**38th St., cor. Madison Ave.**
**39th St., nr. Lexington Ave.**
**55th St., cor. Madison Ave.**

**57th St., cor. Lexington Ave.**
*for women only*

**Chicago Cleveland**
**ALLERTON HOUSES**
*for* **MEN & WOMEN**

# ENTERTAINERS

*Furnished for all Occasions for Clubs, Concerts, Cabarets*

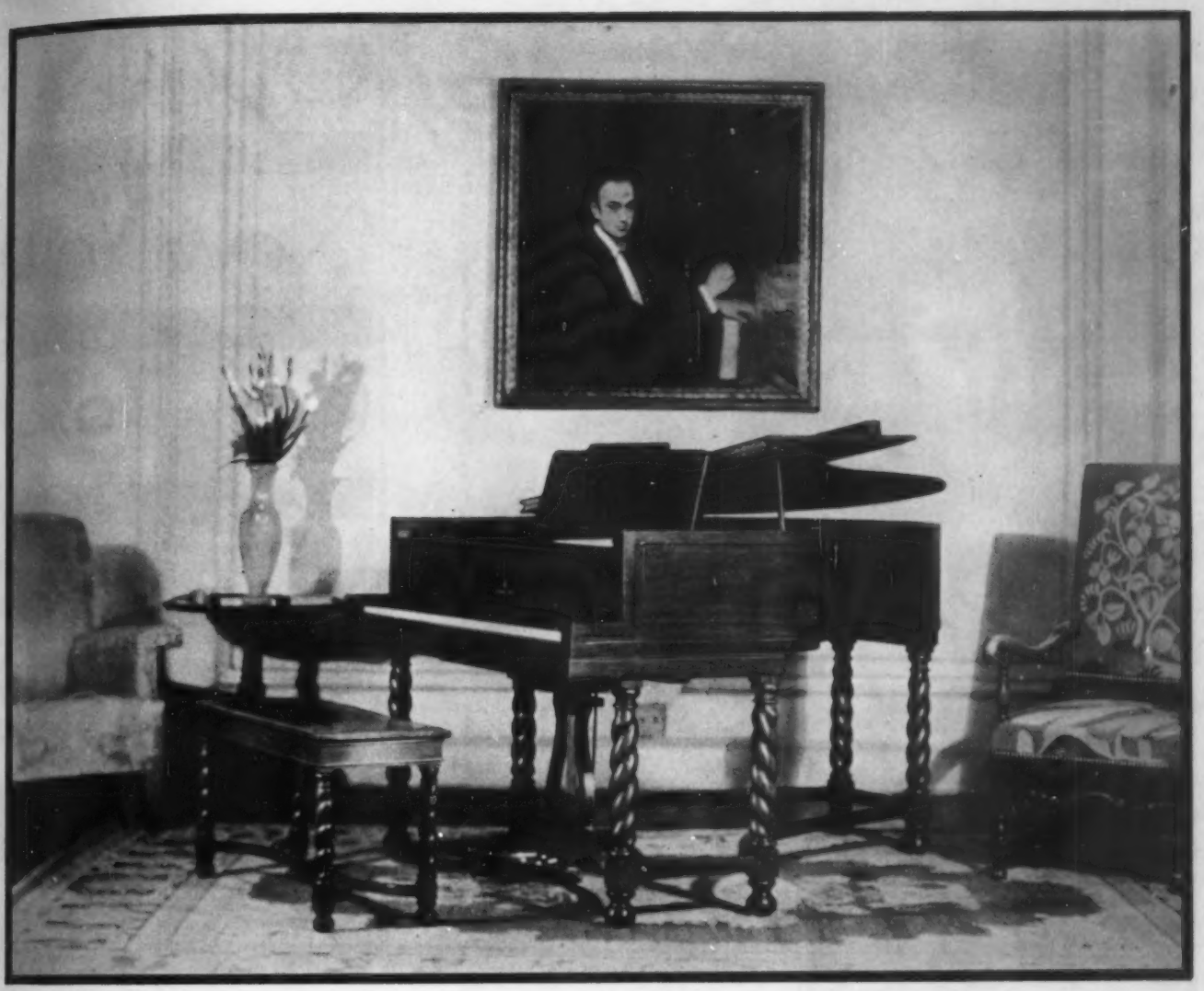
Programs of unusual appeal personally supervised. **Artists of every description**

*Musical comedy stars*
*Vaudeville headliners*
*Radio Broadcasters*
*Club entertainers*

**IMMENSE THESPIAN AGENCY**
*(formerly the Ind. Col. Theatre agency)*

**169 W. 133rd St.** **Harlem 3110**

**(atop of Ye Olde Neste) the all-night club**



THE BABY GRAND ENGLISH PERIOD MODEL *in mahogany finish, $2320. A Jacobean design of dignity and simplicity. Available in walnut, at $2360, and larger sizes*

# you may select your steinway from many period models

IN FURNISHING your house you may have been influenced by the style of Louis XV, or XVI, or that of Sheraton, or an early-American designer. Whatever scheme of decoration you have chosen, you will find that Steinway craftsmen have included in their Period Series a piano which will harmonize perfectly with the interior of your home. • To enclose the mechanical perfection of the Steinway, these men make handsome cases of the finest woods . . . cases which interpret, both in line and finish, the spirit of the more distinguished periods of furniture. Above is illustrated a piano which was designed for a room furnished in the modern English manner. Though in one sense modern in its lines, it has a certain sturdy simplicity which is quite obviously of British origin. • If you will drop in at Steinway Hall, you will be shown the many other interesting models which are suited to every kind of home . . . and every income.

*A new Steinway Upright piano can be bought for* $875

GRANDS $1475 and up

10% down *balance in two years*

Any Steinway piano may be purchased with a cash deposit of 10%, and the balance will be extended over a period of two years. Used pianos accepted in partial exchange.

STEINWAY & SONS, STEINWAY HALL
109 West 57th Street, New York

# STEINWAY

*THE INSTRUMENT OF THE IMMORTALS*

REPTILES

•

*Smart Debs will wear*

*REPTILES* for Spring

•

Now that we're already planning our early spring wardrobes, what about spring shoes? Rumor hath it that smart debs will all select reptiles—java lizard, water-snake, or python . . . and at Modernmode, of course.

MODERNMODE

*Footwear*

535 FIFTH AVE.

Bet. 44th & 45th Sts.

FITTING THE NARROW HEEL

AAA to C


tion came out, with articles by Lillian Gish, etc. Numerous inventors in both Europe and America were preparing to leave for the moon—or somewhere—in rockets. One of the greatest of today's college problems seems to be that faced by the football coaches, and voiced by Gil Dobie, who pointed out that if the faculty were going to insist that football players study books and do sums and know how to bound Michigan, and so on, there was no hope for the team—or the university, either, for that matter.

BALLOON races and six-day bicycle races still continued to interest a certain type of mind. A man succeeded in putting twenty threads through the eye of a needle, and a woman drank two quarts of beer in eighty seconds without taking breath. Craving relief from the monotony of existence, small-town volunteer firemen set buildings ablaze, and a couple married in an airplane leaped out immediately afterwards in parachutes. Several couples of stage, movie, and society stars separated a few months after saying "Until death us do part," and a well-known writer, forgetting that he had a third wife, absent-mindedly went back to living with his second. A Viennese bathing beauty chosen at the great international contest at Galveston as "Miss Universe" was mobbed when she visited Rumania because she was regarded as too thin. A woman killed herself after hearing a sob poem over the radio. A West Virginia judge said that ninety-five per cent of the radio listeners would rather hear a good old-fashioned Methodist hymn sung than most of the classical music they get over the air.

There were the usual number of boat-rockers, and gun-pointers who didn't know it was loaded. The hunting season exhibited no diminution in the number of witlings who drag guns over a fence muzzle-first and fire at anything moving in the brush without knowing whether it is animal or man. A Vermont hunter had the best record, with a bag of two men in one afternoon. A Wisconsin student carried a stick of dynamite with him on a hiking party. He did not return from the walk. The ancient method of starting the kitchen fire—i. e., with kerosene—was still in use. A New Jersey woman obtained the most remarkable results with it, burning her home.

The public continued to worry over tuberculosis and cancer, heedless or ignorant of the fact that the two most


Opening

New York

Office

THE DAYTON STEEL RACQUET COMPANY

of Dayton, Ohio, open this office for better service to customers. Restringing of Dayton Steel Racquets will be part of this service. Address: 1114 Grand Central Palace Building, 480 Lexington Avenue. Phone: Wickersham 5225. Manager: Mr. John F. Kiley.

HOTELS OF DISTINCTION

PRINCESS

BELMONT MANOR

FRASCATI

INVERURIE

BERMUDA HOTELS ASSOCIATED
250 WEST 57TH ST. N.Y. COL. 0012

RONEY PLAZA HOTEL

ONE OF AMERICA'S MOST DISTINCTIVE OCEAN FRONT HOTELS

*Open until April 20th*

MIAMI BEACH, FLORIDA

EUROPE

33 DAYS $295

Foremost Student Tours
Nearly 4000 satisfied members in 1929
*250 All Expense Tours*
Small groups. 1st class hotels, new motor travel. Visit the Passion Play of 1930. *Send for booklet.*
COLLEGE TRAVEL CLUB
580 Fifth Ave. New York City.

pestilential diseases ravaging America today are golf and bridge. A woman in Kansas City, angered by her husband's failure to make good a bid of four spades, shot him dead. A young college student in North Carolina said: "I'll shoot the next person who deals me a sorry hand." Fortunately, he dealt it himself—a "Yarborough;" shot himself in the temple, and died.

Other sports were taken seriously. In one day in October an umpire was shot at by an enraged fan in Havana, one man killed another in Mississippi in a quarrel over the World Series, and fist fights between players and a popular riot occurred at the Rochester-Kansas City baseball game. America laughed uproariously at the poor sportsmanship of Italy and Austria over their football game; but in cultured Kansas a superintendent of schools fled from a neighboring town under guard before a shower of stones, eggs, mud, and cries of "Traitor!" because he had pointed out the ineligibility of the other town's high-school football star just before a game.

Fortune-tellers, swamis, palm readers, witch doctors, crystal-gazers, and dealers in love philtres flourished in the large cities as in the Middle Ages. There was a heavy demand for dog fat in up-to-date New York City for the making of a charm against tuberculosis. A political club here paid five dollars for a white powder which, if sprinkled on the floor of their clubroom, would insure victory in the fall election. Mayor Walker won, so the charm must have been a good one. Buildings were still being erected with no thirteenth floor—at least, the numbers skip from twelve to fourteen.

Witchcraft, hexing, and spell-casting prevailed to a degree scarcely known since the seventeenth century. Even a bank in cultured Westchester County was forced to sue a man because he had succeeded in getting advantage of one of its clients by using the evil eye on him. A theoretically intelligent yeoman and wife in Michigan beat an aged woman to death "because she was a witch and had killed a hundred people just by wishing them dead." Myriads of rabbits' feet, St. Christopher medals, and other safeguards, were carried in pockets to ward off such evil influences.

And in western Canada in September the usual group disposed of all their earthly possessions and set up camp on a hill to await the End of the World.

—Alvin F. Harlow


# First Time ALOFT!

Any timidity vanishes instantly . . . because your plane is an amphibion . . . the incomparable IRELAND.

Doubly safe . . . because, like a gull, it rises from either earth or water . . . and lands as gracefully on wave as on field.

But the super-powered Pratt-Whitney Wasp is droning . . . so you step up into a glass-enclosed cabin . . . and sink deep into buoyant cushions.

Vision forward is unobscured—for the humming Wasp is rearward; look up, as well as to the right or left—for the roof is of glass.

You take off . . . leave the ground in 6 seconds . . . climb so swiftly you are up 500 feet as you pass over the fringe of the flying field . . . and 500 feet higher before you finish lighting a cigarette.

You look out . . . to a new world. Where your range of vision is 5 miles on land, it's 50 here! Above Long Island you can see from Sound to Ocean and three states . . . a golf course looks like an architect's model . . . automobiles crawl . . . a locomotive's smoke is a tiny, feathery plume . . . rivers are writhing serpents . . . villages and cities the handiwork of toymakers.

Though your IRELAND is cleaving through space at 120 miles an hour you are conscious of no movement . . . you seem suspended in the air by a magic thread . . .

But your pilot spots a gleaming blue pool . . . you slant down from 3,000 feet . . . as easily, smoothly, comfortably as when your fine car coasts a long hill . . . the plane flattens . . . taps a wavelet lightly . . . then streaks through the water swifter than thought itself—gorgeous climax to the greatest of all life's new-born sensations.

Dizzy? Never for a moment! For in the air there are no angles or sharp perspectives.

Once up in an IRELAND all other forms of transportation seem drab, slow and obsolete. For with this marvelous amphibion you can penetrate any Eden . . . go where land planes can never go . . . and swoop down on enchanting lakes inaccessible by train or auto. Certainly you should own one of these flying marvels!

For demonstration, literature and full particulars address: Ireland Aircraft, Inc., Garden City, Long Island, N. Y.

**PERTINENT FACTS ON THE IRELAND**

**Performance with Full Load Guaranteed Within 5%**

| | |
|---|---|
| High Speed | 120 M.P.H. |
| Cruising | 105 M.P.H. |
| Landing | 48 M.P.H. |
| Climb | 950 F.P.M. |
| Take-off from Water | 18 Sec. |
| Range | 450 Miles |
| Ceiling, Service | 14,000 Feet |

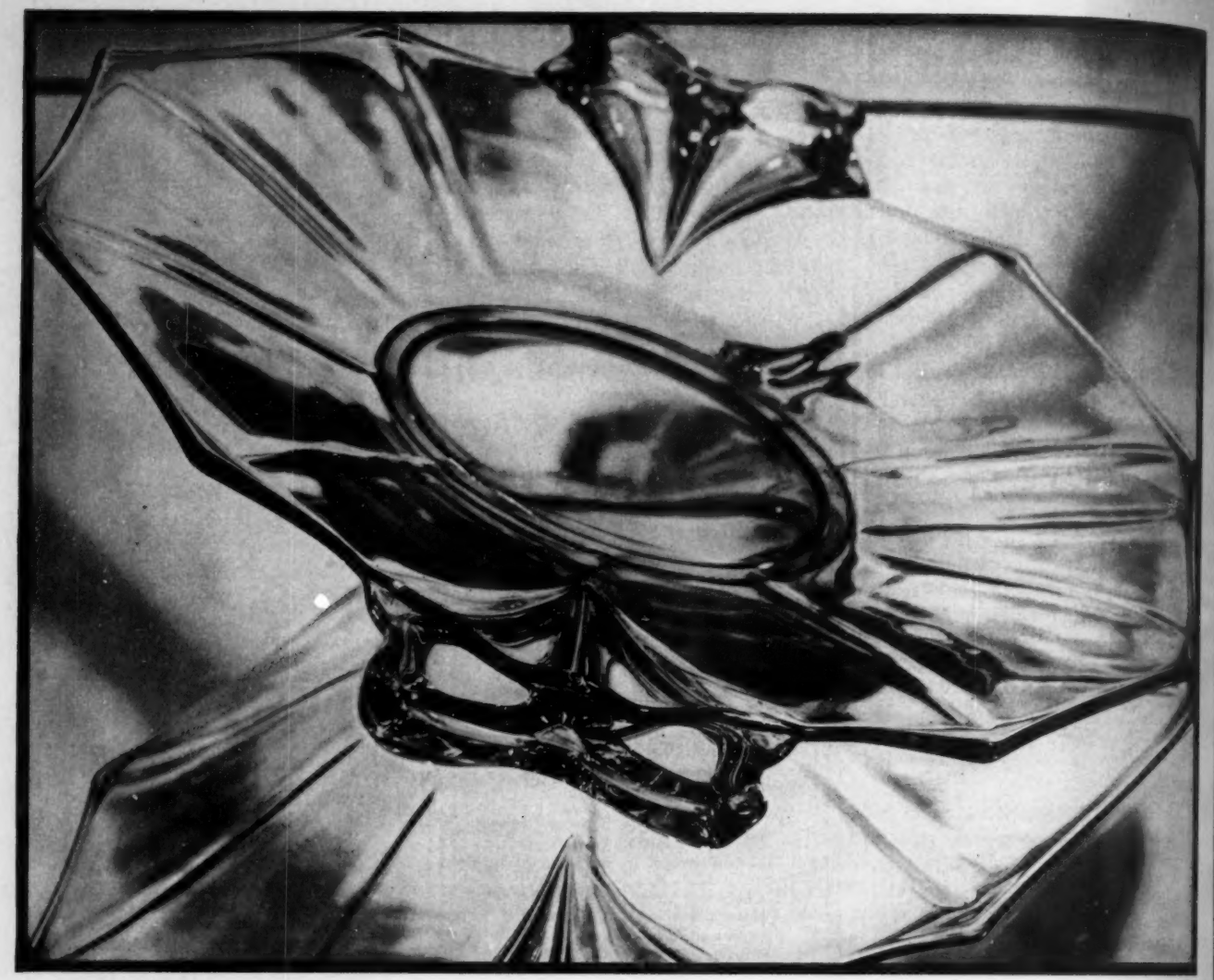
**SPECIFICATIONS**

| | |
|---|---|
| Engine—Pratt and Whitney Wasp | 425 H.P. |
| Length Overall | 31 Feet |
| Span Upper Wing | 40 Feet |
| Span Lower Wing | 34 Feet |
| Chord | 5 Ft. 6 In. |
| Propeller | Standard Steel |
| Capacity | Five Persons |
| Price—Flyaway at Factory | $27,500 |

Completely equipped with Anchor, Navigation Lights, Electric Starter, etc.

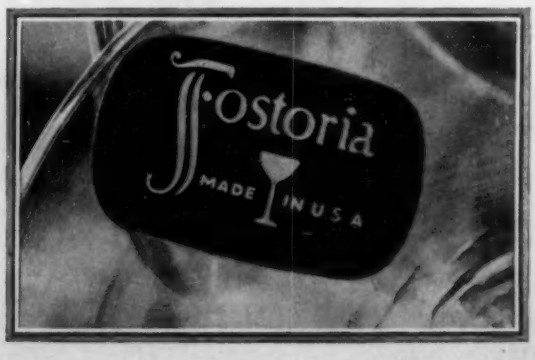
# IRELAND

5-Passenger AMPHIBION



# A THING OF WITTY LOVELINESS

At that inevitable moment when the evening drifts into the conversational doldrums, when the swiftest bridge game loses its savor, when a dozen well-bred mouths are balancing precariously on the chasm of a yawn . . . then let the smart hostess summon forth the broad, pellucid beauty of her new Fostoria sandwich plate . . . an object of art in fine glass . . . a thing of witty loveliness that flashes and glows colorfully beneath its savory load of the thin and tempting dainties so aptly provided for the 'twixt-meal snack. . . . This modern sandwich plate may be had in a variety of subtle, clear shades that include Dawn, Amber, Azure, Green, Crystal and the gorgeous, golden glass called Topaz. And there are many other decorative and useful pieces in this alluring Fostoria Glassware, whose simplicity of beauty, good taste and utter practicability make them charmingly apposite to the needs of the informed hostess . . . graceful vases . . . commodious cigarette boxes . . . square-footed tumblers . . . candle nests . . . dainty, little coffee cups . . . and even the complete dinner sets that, etched, cut or plain, are bringing back to the table all the color and crystalline elegance of Beatrice's Florence and Marie Antoinette's France.




Fostoria *is moderately priced at the best shops in complete sets or individual pieces. Replacements can be had at any time because Fostoria is sold* on the open-stock plan, *and the glassware bought today can be matched exactly a month or a year from now. . . . On the practicable side, Fostoria Glassware, lovely and fragile-seeming as it is, stands up well under hard usage and is unaffected by rapid changes in extremes of temperature. Send for "The New Little Book About Glassware." It is replete with illustrated details of authoritative table-settings and decorative suggestions. The Fostoria Glass Company, Dept.* N-1, *Moundsville, West Virginia.*

# ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

## FEMININE FASHIONS

IT has undoubtedly been brought to the attention of all the teentsy-weentsy women in town that the luxurious and modern fifth floor at Saks-Fifth Avenue is housing clothes especially designed for petite women, in sizes eleven to a small fourteen. This is not to be confused with the Junior Misses' department, which previously was the only refuge of half-pint people; though of course small women can find simple little frocks there that are suitable for any age.

On the fifth floor you can get small figured taffeta dresses with boleros, lingerie collars, and short sleeves (all the young things are wearing short sleeves for tea dancing—in case you haven't been around). For those of you who realize that at this time of year rather subdued prints begin blossoming out under fur coats, there are lovely slim ones in a kind of jacquard print with satiny flecks here and there—some with short sleeves, some with long, and some with sleeves just below the elbow, which is as smart as possible. There is an adorable suit of a yellow-and-black printed silk, with a sleeveless tuck-in blouse, a slim circular skirt, intricately cut, and a black jacket, lined with the print, that buttons at the waistline and cuts away in a fetching manner. If you want to seem demure, look at a two-piece dress of moire or crepella, buttoned down the front, fitted very tightly, and having the lace that edges both the neck and short sleeves also peeking out below the jumper at the hipline in front. There are lots of pale tweed ensembles, with the 1930 version of the cardigan jacket, fitted in closely, incorporated in them.

For southern wear, tiny women should look at low-backed sleeveless dresses of linen, cotton, or silk, with flecks of embroidery in bright colors all over them. They should invest in a cotton-tweed costume—either a rough and casual black-and-white tweed with a four-pocket jacket and pockets in the skirt, or a lightweight sleeveless dress with the white piqué collar buttoned on front and back for convenience's sake. And they decidedly should see both the newest striped-shirting silk—which is slightly ribbed and has the feel of a taffeta—and a dress of washable flannel, with the sleeveless top hinting at the currently popular windbreaker style.

Saks-Fifth Avenue are always holding forth about something or other. They are talking a great deal now about their collection of short-sleeved separate blouses in every possible fabric, and promise that the season's shock will be tailored suits for spring, fitted very closely through the waist and hips, and having grand, square, padded shoulders in the most British-male fashion.

PEOPLE who are interested in perfect tailoring, excellent taste, the best fabrics obtainable, and faultless style that is not so eccentric as to vanish with the next Paris breeze, have a way of going to the Brick Shop, at 18 East Fifty-sixth Street, for their wardrobes. Here you will find some excellent woollen things which may be worn under a coat for extra warmth now, and, in the spring, will look dandy with a fur when you are promenading along the Avenue. There are two models from Claire Any, for instance. One of them is a navy-and-white knit jumper dress of the familiar type, except that the jumper is a bit shorter than of yore and has a bolero back; the other is of black jersey with a frayed white piqué collar and V's of piqué on the pockets. There is a suit with a long coat that combines a grand yellowish tweed and yellow

*"Now, I want you to promise me to pat your face twenty minutes every night."*

# The GIBSON GIRLS wore veils

THOSE gallant ladies braved the uncertainties of early motoring, swathed and smothered in billows of chiffon. Modern girls, driving roadsters as smartly efficient as themselves, achieve protection with the thinnest film of Geranium Cream.

*Before Stepping on the Starter*

See to it that your make-up is on to stay —no fumbling for your compact in traffic —no shiny nose at destination. Geranium Cream is the kind of powder foundation you can put on and forget.

*When Parking for the Night*

Pitch out your jars and bottles—or give them to mother—all you need for a good-night beauty treatment is a fingertipful of this new fluid flower-scented cream, patted in and left on—smoother skin on waking, no party circles under your eyes. No lines beginning to show—keep them back for years. No fear of dowager's throat—muscles don't sag with Geranium Cream as traffic cop.

It's a day cream and a night cream—a powder foundation, a skin food, a mild astringent and a gentle bleach . . . Costs three-fifty. Lasts 6 months. You will find it—

At your favorite Fifth Avenue Shops and Department Stores

For advice on beauty problems, no one can be more helpful than Miss Nina Nestor—address Dept. N. PRODUITS NINA, Inc., 580 Fifth Avenue, New York.

GERANIUM CREAM

kasha; a London Trades suit of chartreuse wool crêpe with a buttoned satin blouse and zigzag lapels on the tuxedo collar; a perfect Molyneux of gray spongy wool crêpe, cut very severely and flattering to the figure; a suit from Miller Sœurs of red wool crêpe with a checked-silk sleeveless blouse, a circular skirt, and a jacket that ties at the neckline and again at the top of the hip.

There are lots of one-piece tweed, jersey, or wool crêpe dresses to be found here, and made up in any color you desire. And you will find the workmanship, in the little matters of tucks and bits of detail that make the simplest dress sophisticated, has all the *je ne sais quoi* of Paris at its best.

YOU can buy all the Palm Beach clothes you want in the newly decorated shop of Bonwit Teller at Palm Beach, and get a lesson in modern gay interiors while you do it. Still, there are many people who are forehanded to a degree, and for these Bonwit Teller is offering many a tidbit of the rather dressy-resort type right here in the city.

They are doing grand things about very short sweaters, coming to just above the top of the hip and hugging the figure there. These have short sleeves, berets to match, and should be worn outside separate skirts—although they can be tucked in if you insist. Some of them have horizontal candy stripes which give a sort of gangster's-gal effect. They may be purchased as part of a costume also—there is one in white jersey with a slip-over sleeveless jacket and skirt of flame jersey; and there is a knockout consisting of a short jersey blouse, with a turn-over collar, and a slip-over that has a deep V-neck of white chamois, belted in back. For that touch of warmth which hardened Florida veterans will tell you comes in very handy at times.

Also for that touch of warmth, Bonwit is showing jackets of angora wool in every color, cut a bit longer than a cardigan, to go over just about anything. Or you might prefer little angora capes that button in front, come to just below cardigan length, and cover the arms.

This shop is showing tennis dresses of piqué with beautifully tailored darts starting at the normal waistline, at twenty-five dollars; dark linen suits with piqué blouses; and a simply dandy four-piece suit to wear on a trip southward, where climatic changes are difficult to cope with. This has a long


**480 Park Avenue**
North West Corner of 58th St.
The finest housekeeping apartment building on Park Avenue. Excellent restaurant. Maid service available. There are still a few 7-14 room simplex or duplex apartments ready for immediate occupancy.
Pease & Elliman, Agents Regent 6600.

**The Navarro** Apartment Hotel
112 Central Park South, near 6th Ave.
Overlooking the Park. 1-2-3 or more rooms. Tile serving pantries. Central refrigeration. The finest restaurant in town. Circle 7900 . . . Immediate occupancy.

**The Wyndham** Apartment Hotel
42 West 58th Street, near 5th Ave.
In the Park Plaza Section. 1 to 3 or more rooms furnished or unfurnished. Serving pantries. Central refrigeration. Restaurant . . . Plaza 3500. Immediate Possession.

**The Mirabeau** Apartment Hotel
28 East 70th Street, cor. of Madison
On the exclusive East Side. 1 to 3 rooms, serving pantries. With or without hotel service. Excellent Restaurant. Rhinelander 1750. Ready for occupancy.

**65 Central Park West**
Corner 66th Street
Central Park as your private estate. 3-4-5 and 6 rooms. Susquehanna 2650. Now Leasing.

BUILT, OWNED AND OPERATED BY . . . . SAMUEL MINSKOFF . . . .

in CHICAGO
Hotel Knickerbocker

The Will-to-Serve, the warm friendliness, the personal effort to make you comfortable . . . that's what you will first appreciate at Hotel Knickerbocker. Then . . . larger, handsome rooms . . . and the most luxuriously comfortable beds that money can buy. With all that comes lower rates that show our spirit of fairness to the public . . . our wish to merit public recognition as a great institution, not merely a "mere" hotel. 3 minutes to the city-center . . . it's quiet, restful, and accessible here . . . When are you coming to Chicago? At your service!
J. I. McDONELL, Manager
Wonderful Rooms with bath $3.00
*Write for illustrated literature*
163 E. Walton Pl., Opposite The Drake

CRUISING ON THE PLEASURE YACHT
STELLA POLARIS
*to see the wonders of*
NORWAY
VISIT
RUSSIA & ICELAND
Service and comfort equalled only on a PRIVATE YACHT
For Particulars and All Reservations Apply
SCANDINAVIAN TRAVEL BUREAU
*General Agents, 284 Broadway, New York*
*Or your local agent*

# the morning's drama

# *before the afternoon's comedy*

IRENE DELROY, *Captivating singing star of "Top Speed"*

The moment she opened her eyes she knew. A dismal scene flashed through her mind. A lobby. A ticket window. A sign—"No matinee today, money refunded at the box office." Hundreds of disappointed people turning away. And here she was with an irritated throat and husky voice. What a dilemma! There must be a way out. Suddenly she thought of GLYCO Thymoline. Quickly it relieved her throat—cleared her voice. And at 2:30 the matinee went on, the sign in the lobby read, "Standing room only", she seldom was in better voice!

That is why Irene Delroy writes—"From now on, GLYCO Thymoline will always be in my cabinet."

Stage and "Talkie" stars, singers, speakers, etc., who can't be careless with their throats use GLYCO Thymoline. They must protect both careers and health.

You, too, should get the GLYCO Thymoline habit—take precautions against an irritated throat. It is not an ordinary mouth wash or throat gargle, but an effective, proven alkaline solution that rapidly relieves the hoarseness and soreness by its soothing, calming action on the delicate tissues. It refreshes and deodorizes as well as protects. Try it a week and notice the difference. At all druggists. *Kress & Owen Co., N. Y.*

# GLYCO THYMOLINE

Petchell
INCORPORATED

CRISP as the murmured comments it will excite is this imported organdie dress, proposed by Petchell for those numberless occasions—bridges, teas, afternoons—when one is in the mood to create a little furore. Of pure white, with green hand-blocking, it molds closely about the hips in the current manner, falling in long cool flounces.

This deliciously fragile little frock is typical of the many that await your decision at Petchell's. There, too, you will discover treasurable accessories in jewelry, bags and scarfs—charming focal points in to-day's ensemble.

•19E•56th•

tweed coat, lined with beige silk, a tuck-in beige silk blouse, a tweed wrap-around skirt, and a one-piece dress of beige crêpe with lots of detail, and no pleating to muss during your travels. The tweed is a soft brown-and-blue mixture in a light weight. —L. L.

## ABOUT THE HOUSE

### *On Magic in the Home*

A NEW modern tendency has just revealed itself to me. We have all gone mad about the quality of illusion in decoration. Not that I feel it will make a vital difference in our lives, one way or another, or have any effect on the national character. I simply think it's significant, and perhaps a bit of a pity, when a girl—a nice, normal girl who spends her days dutifully trotting up and down the aisles of shops with a wary eye to new decorating ideas—finds she can't look an honest bird-cage in the face without poking it to see if it has an alarm-clock attachment. Show me a salt-shaker, these days, and before I can stop myself I am babbling "What does it do?" If the answer is that it shakes salt, I will very likely go away feeling cheated. So will lots of people I know. That's just a minor example.

One result of this rabid demand for tricks is that decorators, who used to have simple requirements—like an eye for color, a sense of proportion, and a good handbook of the various decorative periods—now have got to be good mechanics as well. Today's successfully decorated apartment is the one that lets down a bit of wall space to reveal a secret compartment, preferably with bar; that has its radiators made over into bookshelves; that produces music out of the air from a radio the family probably has to hunt for when they want it.

Well, all this abstract philosophy—as you have guessed, you clever thing—didn't materialize out of nothing at all. I have seen some new tricks, and they started a train of thought, that's all. Maybe you'd rather hear about the tricks.

THERE is, for one, the business of "painting with light"—getting color effects in niches, or on perfectly flat wall surfaces, by an indirect-lighting system that has to be seen to be

*Such flavor...*
puts a steak in a merry, merry mood

**'Tis an old adage (or should be)—a *steak without flavor is just a piece of meat.***

**Ah,—but with cooking wine (we add) 'tis a dish sublimely vivacious!**

**Indeed, any food infused with a rare old sherry tempts the palate—and that right merrily!**

**Particularly so when that cooking sherry comes from the vineyards of Guasti—a name famed for fine cooking sherry for half a century among master chefs and epicures. Now restful Guasti Cooking Sherry is salted (hence legal), yet just enough to season foods to suit the average taste. Right-serving grocers supply it.**

**Equally enticing are these other *Guasti Cooking Aids:* Guasti Sauce a la Bercy, Guasti Sauce a la Newburg, Guasti Sauce a la Bordelaise, Guasti Sweet Sherry Flavoring, Guasti Sweet Port Flavoring and Guasti Sweet Sauterne Flavoring.**

**Mayhap, too, you will find these seven *new* Guasti *Wine* Jellies deliciously intriguing: Sherry, Port, Burgundy, Tokay, Sauterne, Muscatel and Mint!**

**There's a volume — "Treasured Flavors" — for real sophisticates. Yours? Just mail the coupon!**

(Permit No. L.A.Cal. H10033)

GUASTI
PRONOUNCED GWAH-STEE
COOKING SHERRY (SALTED)
ITALIAN VINEYARD CO. *at Guasti, Cal.*
*Operating the largest vineyard under one ownership in the world. Established 1883*
*Home Office*... 1248 Palmetto Street, LOS ANGELES
*Branches*... NEW YORK, CHICAGO, NEW ORLEANS

ITALIAN VINEYARD CO., DEPT. A-116
11 HUBERT STREET · NEW YORK CITY
Please send me, *free* of charge, "Treasured Flavors"—a new kind of recipe book containing favorite recipes of famous chefs.

Name_____
Address_____

# GROW YOUNGER

## WITH THE NEW YEAR!

LOVELY woman once trembled to see the years march steadily by, plundering beauty as they passed. But you—fortunate modern woman—are fearless as you watch the century grow middle-aged. It is in your power to make Time a friend, not an enemy. You can have each passing day leave you looking younger and lovelier, ever more radiant.

The secret is a simple one: give your skin intelligent, day-by-day care. Proper daily care —and only that—will guard your beauty and increase it. Proper care will make your skin smoother, clearer, finer—it will prevent and correct ageing lines and wrinkles. But this facial treatment must be faithful, and it must be suited to your type of skin!

The individualized treatments which Dorothy Gray evolved have long proved successful in the Dorothy Gray salons. So that you may readily follow these treatments in your own home, the very same preparations used in the salons are sold in leading New York shops.

©D.G.1930

# DOROTHY GRAY

*Dorothy Gray Building*

683 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

Telephone WICkersham 6109 for appointments

CHICAGO . LOS ANGELES . SAN FRANCISCO . WASHINGTON . ATLANTIC CITY

# "Where the heck is that tube of BŌST!"

GETS you flustered all right. Ever forget yours, or misplace it? Bad as the sudden fear that your host doesn't smoke your brand when you've come away without your cigarettes.

But don't throw yourself into a panic. There are few homes that *you* visit where BOST is not considered the smartest toilet requisite of the day. Appeal to butler or maid will quickly remedy matters—or a brief visit to the nearby chemist.

Time for resolutions! Resolve just to *taste* BOST, if you are not already a user. Discover for yourself how refreshing a perfect flavor blend can be—how BOST can add to your morning joys—the great advance made in tooth-paste in 1929. Resolve to make the handkerchief test—to see how really and readily BOST removes tobacco stain. Removes it from your teeth quite as well.* Wonderful for gums and membranes—leaves a lingering fragrance of breath.

In the jade-and-coral tube

If you're a smoker, it's your pal. If you're not, it's a blessing anyway—banishes all other stains, without acid, grit or prejudice. Mellow as old Tokay, harmless as milk.

*Also takes tobacco stain off your fingers.

*At all leading drug and department stores*

*The Smoker's Friend*

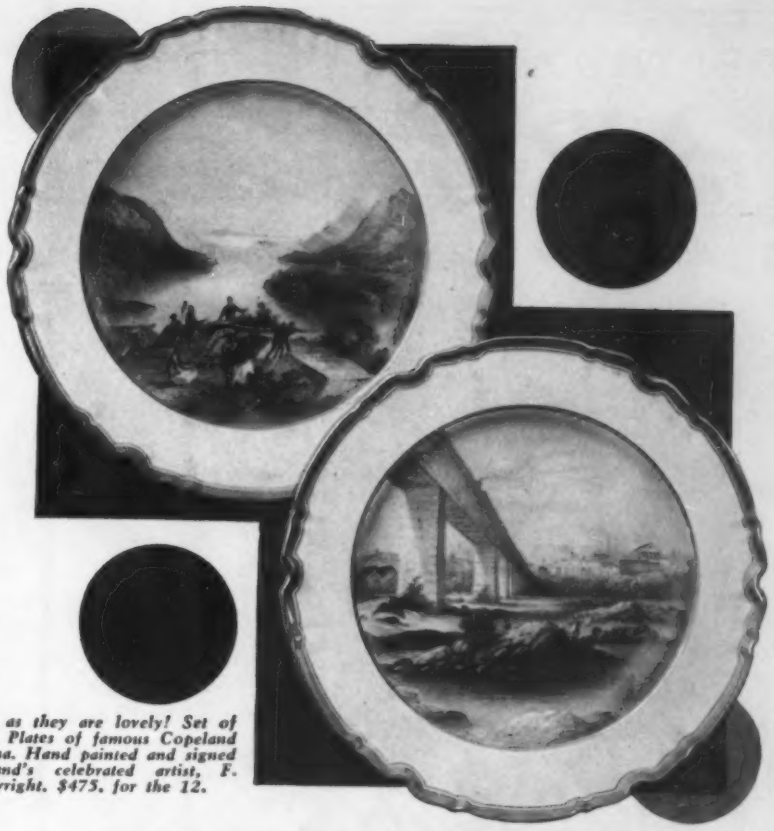
BOST, Inc.
10 East 40th Street
New York

believed. The Consulting Decorators, Inc., 601 Madison Avenue, are the instigators; you can go up there any old time and watch it work. The whole thing is nothing but rows and groups of little colored bulbs—red, green, and blue—all set out in a sort of long flower-box arrangement. Over the bulbs are placed cylinders, squares, and triangles of metal or glass. Set into a nearby wall is a row of switches controlling the various groups of light bulbs. By pulling one or the other, you achieve perfectly unbelievable color and shadow effects: elegant geometric patterns that you can change at will (really, now—for ladies with a passion for pushing the beds around! . . .), literally thousands of color schemes, running even to the grays—a strange effect of depth and space and translucence. The little display set of lights I saw went through several dozen stages, starting out with nice, pastel Easter-egg tints and ending by creating the illusion of rows of cactus plants silhouetted against a hazy, shimmering night sky—quite remarkable. You can see the possibilities of something like this in a narrow hallway, or the room you use for entertaining those dear guests who have been everywhere and seen everything—things like that.

The total cost of one of these little toys, they tell me, generally comes to something like $150 to $175 for the average domestic size. Its big advantage over the more familiar methods of mural décor, of course, is the business of not having to stand your chosen pattern any longer than you want to.

Dearie me, this restless age!

NEXT, there is the matter of radios. One moment they were thought of, and the next everybody began to consider ways to hide them—such as putting them inside nice, inconspicuous,



*As unique as they are lovely! Set of 12 Dessert Plates of famous Copeland Spode China. Hand painted and signed by Copeland's celebrated artist, F. Micklewright. $475. for the 12.*

# MASTERPIECES

**ONE of the charms of Plummer's, so our patrons are kind enough to say, is its exclusiveness. ¶ *"I love to come here because I see so many lovely things I see nowhere else."* ¶ Indeed, the prestige of Plummer's among smart discerning hostesses is such that many patterns of famous old-world potters are confined exclusively to this establishment—obtainable nowhere else in America. ¶ The two plates illustrated are typical. They are two of a charming set of twelve dessert plates. We wish we had room to show them all, for in no other shop in America will you find their duplicates. Indeed, we believe they are the only set of their kind in existence! ¶ Copeland Spode China beautifully executed from an old Spode mold and painted by hand by Copeland's celebrated artist, F. Micklewright. ¶ A heavy gold band encircles the edge. These varied *signed* paintings quaintly depict historical and American views:**

**West Point · City of Detroit
City of St. Louis · City of Providence
Richmond, Virginia · Mirror Lake, Adirondacks · Mt. Desert, Coast of Maine · Golden Gate, San Francisco · Minnehaha Falls, Minnesota · On the Beverly Coast, Massachusetts · Sunshine Park and Wilson Peak, California · Needle Mountains, Canon of the Rio de las Animas**

**What a perfect gift, either to one's own collection or to compliment another's!**

*Wm. H.* PLUMMER *& Co. Ltd.*

IMPORTERS OF

*Modern and Antique China and Glass*

*7 & 9 East 35th Street, New York*

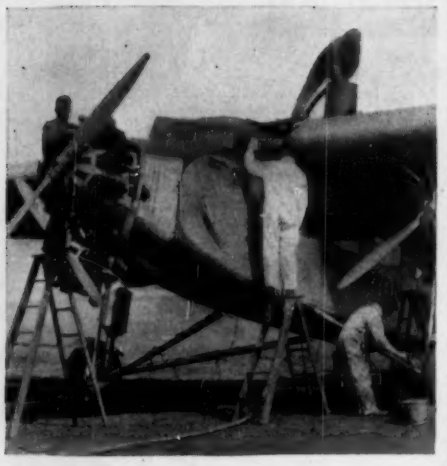
*Near Fifth Avenue*

Phone CALedonia 9260

New Haven, Conn.
954 Chapel Street

Hartford, Conn.
256 Farmington Ave.

DEPENDABILITY
IN AIR
TRANSPORTATION



*New York-Boston* VIA
COLONIAL

DEPENDABILITY of service is assured through the large resources, complete equipment and trained personnel of Colonial Airways — a division of The Aviation Corporation, the largest air transport organization in the world.

Maintenance of schedules and the safety and comfort of passengers are held paramount. A pilot, co-pilot and steward fly in every ship — complete weather reports precede each flight —planes are thoroughly inspected and tuned-up before and after every trip.

Daily service between New York and Boston in 14-passenger, 3-engined, heated cabin liners. 1 hour, 45 minutes flying time.

• • •

OTHER COLONIAL SERVICES

Daily passenger service between New York, Albany and Montreal, and between Buffalo and Toronto. Colonial Flying Service maintains flying schools — sells and services leading makes of planes — arranges special passenger flights.

COLONIAL AIRWAYS
*Division of The Aviation Corporation*
270 Madison Ave. New York

early Italian Renaissance radio cabinets, especially designed for the purpose.

Macy has had the latest inspiration. In characteristic manner, their sleuths have been secretly haunting European byways and Third Avenue antique shops, set upon collecting authentic old pieces, copyable and suitable for the serious business of radio concealment. The whole purpose has now been accomplished, and any day at all you may go down to Thirty-fourth Street (Fifth floor, East Building, right near the escalators) and look at Queen Anne, Early American, Jacobean, Chippendale, and Sheraton reproductions, all fitted with compact Atwater-Kent radios and speakers, electrically controlled, and running in price from $29.75 to $129. The radio set, I scarcely need add, is extra.

There are highboys, with the radio installed behind two or three faked drawers; tables, with set and speaker under the top; desks, servers, and chests done on the same plan. In every case the piece is usable as furniture as well, even while the radio is operating. For instance, the highboy has several drawers left over in good working condition; the secretary is a perfectly good desk, except that it has no drawer space below, this having been utilized to hide the radio behind a false front which nevertheless looks like the accustomed number of drawers; the tables are perfectly free as to top—that is, you don't have to lift up the tops to get at the dials.

Very attractive, in all, and very sensible—and I say this as one who ordinarily cries lustily on every possible occasion for honesty in decoration. The occasion for hiding the radio in a thorough-going modern room, for example, has never been apparent to me. It still isn't. It simply happens that I acknowledge there are plenty of good old eighteenth-century rooms around town, and that an open, unashamed radio set is pretty silly sitting in one of them. Anyway, that's my alibi, and as far as I'm concerned it reads like logic.

This all begins to seem a little garrulous to me; another day, when I am in briefer vein, I'll get on with the subject. At least you know where you are with me; I warn people.—B. B.

•

WANTED—Second hand baby or drawing room grand piano.—*Bridgeport (Conn.) Post.*

Take the piano—it's bigger but it's less bother.

NOW AVAILABLE
SPÉCIALITÉ
COINTREAU
MADE *in* FRANCE

Made in France at the Cointreau Distillerie by Cointreau, sole owners of the celebrated Cointreau, this well-known and famous flavor, containing 6% alcohol, is obtainable at all leading grocery and delicatessen stores. Should you be unable to obtain it from your dealer, communicate with us.

JULIUS WILE, SONS & CO.
*Sole Agents for the U. S. A.*
10 Hubert Street, New York City

*Florida's Best Known Hotel*
The Flamingo
MIAMI BEACH
*Sunshine Playground*
Famed for its service, cuisine and unsurpassed location.
*American Plan*
C. S. KROM
MANAGER

herne & wray
adds the necessary touch to the hand of fashion at their
salon de manucure
35 east 57th st.,
new york
*volunteer 7142*

# MUSICAL EVENTS

*Annoyances and Credits*

AT the turn of the year there is a hiatus in musical activities, caused, I take it, by the phenomenon that nobody cares about listening to anything more substantial than one of those high-class radio concerts in the holiday season. Consequently, the reviewer takes advantage of the gap to summarize the annoyances and credits of the musical months just past and to speculate as best he may on the novelties to come.

LET'S look first at the opera, meaning the Metropolitan, because this institution still goes on without even a threat of competition, in spite of the menaces of critics. There have been three revivals so far, and no new works. "The Girl of the Golden West" continues, principally as a happy medium for the talents of Mme. Jeritza. "Don Giovanni" seems to have proved the contention that Mozart is too hard for any singer who hasn't the advantage of having been dead for at least thirty years. "Luisa Miller" is a convenient outlet for the strong of lung, and an indication of what might be done with some of the better Verdi operas if anybody bothered about them.

Of the new singers unleashed so far, there is none who would be missed if he were to depart abruptly for other endeavors. The one new conductor, Mr. Rosenstock, has already said a quick bye-bye, bringing back a greatly refreshed Bodanzky and uncovering Karl Riedel, whose "Lohengrin," at least, is noteworthy for sparkle and alert tempi. The new stage director, Mr. Lert, has had no opportunity to indicate anything beyond his obvious knowledge of operatic routine. There is a new conductor in charge of the Sunday night festivals—Mr. Pelletier, who directs them with so much enthusiasm that sometimes they seem almost important.

IF this sounds as if the Metropolitan were in a rut, don't be alarmed. "Sadko," a really charming opera, is on the verge of its first complete hearing in town. A new Wagnerian prima donna, Mme. Elisabeth Ohms, is due any minute, and the most curious nov-

**FAST**

***All Year Through Service to***

**HAVANA-NASSAU LATIN-AMERICA**

NOW available for the first time . . . a through service from your home city to Latin America. Twelve thousand added miles of speedy, dependable travel routes for your southern trip.

Simply board your favorite southbound train. At Miami or Brownsville, Texas, transfer from Pullman to Pan American airliner. United States mail and passenger airliners leave Miami daily for Havana . . . daily for Nassau.

Approach Morro Castle at Havana from the air. See the tropical beauty of this ancient capital from a new angle. Glide gently down to sunlit Nassau . . . a green jewel set in a silver sea.

Every Pan American pilot and co-pilot must fly a distance equal to 8½ times around the world before joining the System. This rigid selection partly explains the fact that Pan American airliners flew 2,000,000 scheduled miles in 1929 with 99.7 per cent. adherence to schedule. The airliners, costing from $50,000 to $75,000 each, represent the last word in comfort and flying efficiency.

For through tickets and full information apply to your railroad ticket office, the principal travel bureaus, or Pan American Airways. To avoid disappointment, make reservations well in advance.

***Through northbound tickets available at Pan American offices, on the airways.***

***Through Service With These Famous Trains***

*Direct connections with Pan American Airliners at Miami*

*from* NEW YORK—
39 hours to Havana and Nassau (direct connections from Boston):
Havana Special Lv. 6:50 p.m.
Everglades . . Lv. 10:20 p.m.
Florida Special Lv. 8:35 p.m.

*from* BOSTON—
43 hours to Havana and Nassau:
Everglades . . Lv. 4:30 p.m.

*from* CHICAGO—
(44 hours to Havana; 45 to Nassau) and principal cities of Michigan and Ohio:
Dixie Limited . Lv. 2:00 p.m.
Floridan . . . Lv. 2:45 p.m.
Flamingo . . . Lv. 11:35 a.m.

*from* ST. LOUIS—
40 hours to Havana and Nassau:
Dixie Limited . Lv. 4:22 p.m.
Floridan . . . Lv. 6:20 p.m.

*Connecting at Brownsville for Mexico City—Daily*

*from* NEW YORK—
68 hours 30 minutes to Mexico City:
The American—Penn. R. R.
Crescent Ltd.—Southern Ry.

*from* CHICAGO—
51 hours to Mexico City:
La Salle . . . . Lv. 11:25 a.m.
Daylight Special Lv. 11:45 a.m.

*from* ST. LOUIS—
44 hours to Mexico City:
Sunshine Special, Lv. 6:30 p.m.

*Seven Airliners daily from Havana—one daily from Nassau—for home bound travelers.*

PAA

PAN AMERICAN AIRWAYS, Inc., 122 East 42nd Street, New York City

**PAN AMERICAN AIRWAYS**

Burby
FELT HATS
$6.75

PALM BEACH BOUND?

Then wear Burbys. . . . They look so smart and pack so easily! And if you're *not* Palm Beach bound, wear Burbys anyway!

Mr. A. W. Simon gives you most personal attention in choosing.

*A size for every clever head in every conceivable color*

Lanson
55 West 34th St.
Just across from Hotel McAlpin

"B-r-r-r-ing!" chimes the phone. Appetizing visions rush thru your mind—that wonderful food, those delicious fresh vegetables, those delightful dainties ...another memorable luncheon at Longchamps. Expectantly, hopefully, you answer! You're right.....

"You're Invited to Luncheon + + + at RESTAURANTS Longchamps"

55 Fifth Avenue
North-east Cor. 12th Street

19-21 West 57th Street
Near Fifth Avenue

423 Madison Avenue
Bet. 48th and 49th Streets

28 West 58th Street
off Fifth Avenue
Through to 57th Street

40 East 49th Street
Bet. Madison & Vanderbilt Aves.

1015-17 Madison Ave.
Bet. 78th & 79th Streets

ALL RESTAURANTS LONGCHAMPS ARE OPEN DAILY INCLUDING ALL HOLIDAYS FOR BREAKFAST, LUNCHEON, AFTERNOON TEA AND DINNER FROM 7 A. M. TO 11 P. M.

elty of all is a genuine French tenor, M. Trantoul. This also is the time to look for some young American soprano to step out with a Chamber of Commerce in the audience.

WHERE a genuine rut exists is in the symphonic field, the rut being caused by a lack of new music of consequence. Except for the Ravel "Bolero," introduced by Mr. Toscanini, there has been no novelty that is likely to be heard again next year. Our visiting conductors have shown an uncommon interest in the staples of the repertoire, the exception being Mr. Sokoloff, who has the strange notion that new music ought to be heard, even if it isn't as good as some that has gone before it.

We have a new orchestra—Mr. Hadley's Manhattan Symphony, which was designed to purvey easy-to-hear music to unsophisticated audiences, and has succeeded in accomplishing considerably more than that. The Conductorless Orchestra has been reshuffled, greatly to its advantage, and the Friends of Music are submitting one of their most profitable seasons.

LIKE the opera, the concert hall has suffered from a voice shortage. There have been about as many new recitalists this season as in other moons, but none has made any conquering impression. There has been no one among them who has appeared with so much distinction as Herbert Heyner did last season and this—nor any who has upset such established favorites as John Charles Thomas.

Whatever weakness there may be in singing, common, there has been plenty of strength in violin playing, common, and piano playing, preferred. Ruggiero Ricci, an unbelievable child, has set a gay pace for fiddlers, and José Iturbi, as fine a pianist as has appeared here in many seasons, has contributed several warm evenings for gentlemen of the keyboard. There have also been notable performances by such virtuosi as the Messrs. Bauer, Copeland, Gabrilowitsch, Hutcheson, and Siloti, to name only a few in alphabetical order. Perhaps the piano industry is in as precarious a state as they say it is, but there is nothing wrong with piano-playing.

—R. A. S.

•

HOOVER SURVEYS GIFTS AT TREE—*Headline in the Boston Herald.*

Once an engineer, always an engineer.

## THE RACKET RACKET

THERE has been much in the public prints of late concerning the subversive effects of street noises on the nervous system; very little of it of any clinical value. Data are what is needed, and no one as yet has concerned himself with obtaining any—theories are vaguely propounded and nebulous cures brought forward.

In collaboration with a psychoanalyst, I have secured the actual clinical histories of four examples of that large, unfortunate class of people who, as a result of noise during their sleeping hours, develop stubborn and hampering neuroses, whose careers are jeopardized by their maladjustment, and whose dreams are troubled and filled with sinister, esoteric incidents. The doctor simply listened to their pathetic narratives, investigated their living conditions, and attempted diagnosis. To the Noise Commission, or whatever it calls itself, I gladly present this clinical study, that they may "work on" it, for the relief of numberless sufferers.

### Case A

*Mr. B——*, stockbroker. Badly frightened in last year's unpleasantness, but managed to pull through comparatively unscathed. However, instead of regaining self-confidence and poise when the danger was over, he lost weight, seemed worried, and avoided his friends. His first alarming symptom was to shock his tailor into near-hysteria by ordering a bright red business suit. Shortly after this he was observed to run at a high rate of speed up and down a long corridor in his office, singing "Un Bel di Vedremo" in a high treble, ending in a long-drawn-out, piercing screech. (Had admitted to the doctor that he once entertained musical ambitions.) Could not be restrained from ringing bells. Brought to clinic by his wife, herself in a lamentable condition of anxiety.

*Diagnosis:* Found to be living opposite fire station containing hook-and-ladder, hose-cart, and chemical engine. Recommended either to move or stuff cotton in his ears at night.

### Case B

*Miss R——*, stenographer. Came to clinic of her own accord, before her symptoms had become dangerously violent. Said she could no longer shut a door quietly, but, obeying some irresistible compulsion, slammed it with all her strength, at the same time shouting a phrase of unintelligible gibberish which she herself could not under-

The Sport Dress with Matching Shorts

The ensemble idea follows the smart world southward... and this frock with a wrap-around skirt conceals cleverly cut shorts of the same fabric! Though slim in silhouette it gives the greatest of freedom in motion. Pastel shades in washable silk, $55.

*The Palm Beach and Boca Raton shops of Mrs. Franklin, Inc. are now open.*

NEW YORK
16 East 53rd Street
PHILADELPHIA
260 South 17th Street
CHICAGO
132 East Delaware Pl.
WATCH HILL
SOUTHAMPTON
BAR HARBOR
YORK HARBOR
PALM BEACH

Mrs. Franklin inc.

SAIL AWAY TO THE

# WEST INDIES

*A Paradise for Pleasure Pirates*

THROUGH sparkling seas—under heavenly skies to islands of delight—where towering palms fringe the shore. In luxury, you cruise to the fascinating, colorful lands of the Caribbean—Cuba, Jamaica, Santo Domingo, Porto Rico, The Virgin Islands, The Windward Islands—The Spanish Main and Panama. Join the Order of Pleasure Pirates—dance, swim and enjoy deck games with gay and happy companions—on one of the glorious cruises of the

S. S. RELIANCE

"Ideal Cruising Steamer"

from New York

Jan. 23—27 Days Feb. 22—27 Days Mar. 26—16 Days

Rates $200 up and $300 up. Illustrated literature on request.

**HAMBURG-AMERICAN LINE**

39 Broadway New York

Branches in Boston, Chicago, Cleveland, Philadelphia, St. Louis, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle, Montreal, Winnipeg, Edmonton or local tourist agents.

# HAVANA

*by* EXPRESS STEAMERS

For fifty years "Ward Line" has been synonymous with "Havana." All the genial, joyous spirit of the New World Paris is captured beforehand on the great sports decks, the friendly verandah cafés, the well-filled dance floors of these American liners. Their menus, their specially ventilated accommodations, their niceties of service—all bear the stamp of long experience in the Havana run.

**9-17 Days—$165 up—ALL EXPENSES**

All shipboard and hotel expenses together with interesting automobile sightseeing trips in Havana included.

**MEXICO CITY—25 Days $275 up**

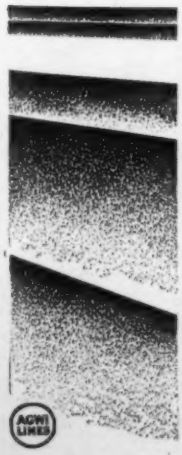
Including all expenses—Sightseeing trips at Havana. Hotel accommodations and sightseeing trips in Mexico City.

*For information and illustrated literature address*

**WARD LINE**

Ft. of Wall St. (Pier 13, E. R.)—545 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

*or any Authorized Tourist Agent*




stand. Had a passionate desire to buy a pair of roller-skates and coast in and out of arcades, and over bridges and ramps. Dreamed frequently that she was watching squadron after squadron of heavy dragoons ride across a sheet-metal parade ground.

*Diagnosis:* Her flat fronted on the "L." Recommended to marry her boy friend and live in Valley Stream.

### Case C

*Mr. O'T——*, professional gambler. Brought, or rather dragged, to clinic by Mr. Di S——, well-known night-club owner. Only one symptom. Had an enormous dice cup made of boiler plate, and a set of cast-steel dice. The patient would bring these into the speakeasy operated as a sideline by Mr. Di S—— and shoot poker dice on the bar, slamming them down with all his strength and bellowing his bets in a stentorian voice. Mr. Di S—— complained his bar was being ruined, and his customers frightened, but that he owed Mr. O'T—— money, and couldn't simply throw him out.

*Diagnosis:* Mr. O'T—— lived on a narrow courtyard, only two floors above the ground. Went to bed habitually just before Refuse Collection Department began its daily stint. On doctor's suggestion left New York and bought a crooked "Wheel of Fortune" at Long Beach.

### Case D

*The Reverend D——*, instructor in divinity school. Came to clinic in pathetic state of apprehension. Declared he was forgetting his homiletics and could no longer control the high spirits of his Apocryphal Analysis students. Implored the doctor to believe that he had felt the Call at sixteen, had since led a blameless life, and had never been near Chicago. Nevertheless, he had bought a pistol and had developed the habit of sneaking into a basement and firing volleys of blank cartridges at imaginary enemies. Sometimes pictured himself as a dangerous, homicidal character. Tempted to talk out of the corner of his mouth and wear a cloth cap. Dreamed he was involved in Rothstein case.

*Diagnosis:* Lived in lower Seventh Avenue, on the route taken by trucks and buses to the Holland Tunnel. Constant subjection to backfiring had induced his deplorable neurosis. Dr. —— strongly advised him to join the National Guard and accustom himself to the sound of shots.

—Frederick Packard

# MOTORS

*Honk and It Opens—For Fur Coats—Even More Feminine Influence*

FOR persons who, like ourself, prefer to have the slightest chore done by someone else, we have carefully looked up a few gadgets that are practical as well as modern.

One of the pleasantest, possibly, is the Air Lec garage door, which opens automatically when you honk your horn, and closes by the same method—like the dog-and-kennel toy brought out a season or two ago. Then there is the Simplex convex mirror, which goes inside the car, above the windshield, and enables one to see all around without neck-craning. And those who like camping will be interested in the Split Coach Motor Corporation's trailers, which have wardrobes, washstands with hot and cold running water, screens, bunks—in fact everything to make you feel that you are at Paul Smith's. The King Bee reflector frame, a device for carrying the rear license-plate, has a glass jewel on it to warn approaching vehicles when your tail-light has suddenly gone out. The Dole wind deflector, still another ingenious device, is attached at the left of the driver's window, shutting off draughts from the outside, and preventing debates about raising or shutting windows from one's various passengers inside.

All of these things are at the Automobile Show, in the Grand Central Palace, which closes Saturday evening, January 11. One can, however, get in touch with the makers at any time, through the Motor and Equipment Association, 250 West Fifty-seventh Street, Columbus 4544.

IT was interesting to note at the Show that, in spite of all the recent talk about the spectrum and its possibilities, most of the makers are confining themselves to quiet hues. The sport-phaetons are, to be sure, an exception, but even these are being toned down a bit. Franklin has a stunning one in black, with silver-finish wheels and vermilion upholstery. The ventilating slits in this carriage are unusual, shaped like very slim, horizontal axe-handles. The radiator shutters are vertical, and divided into two panels by an upright bar. Lincoln is showing a similar type of

AND
WESTCHESTER
TWENTY MILES
AWAY!

The curtain falls. The play is ended but the battle is on. Hoarse voices crying for taxis. Shrill whistles. Dull rumblings. Defeat stares in your face . . . the 11:40 won't wait and your iron steed is held by an impregnable line. But defeat is glorious—for you will live in Tudor City and put an end to commuting and subway trains. You can walk to any theatre in a few minutes and see it to the end. Here are apartments from 1 to 6 rooms at rentals starting at $64.50. And there is Tudor City's long list of services—maid, laundry and valet; a medical nursing bureau; children's playground and school; garage; 3 restaurants; general stores; 2 parks and even a miniature 18-hole golf course and a golf school. 4 blocks from the Grand Central. Ask to see particularly apartment 29F.

*A wide choice of apartments in 9 buildings. Hotel apartments 1, 2 and 3 rooms: $65 to $225. Housekeeping apartments, 1 to 6 rooms: $84 to $325.*

FRED F. FRENCH MANAGEMENT COMPANY, INC.
Renting office at East end of 42nd Street (Vanderbilt 8860)

LIVE IN
TUDOR CITY
AND WALK TO BUSINESS

*Write for the new descriptive booklet* N.Y.-9

FRED F. FRENCH MANAGEMENT COMPANY, INC., 5 Prospect Place, N. Y. C.
Please send me without obligation your new 32-page booklet describing Tudor City

NAME ADDRESS

SNIFFLE-SNUFFLE?

When the brisk, bracing new year brings you nothing but an American beauty nose ... when it's snuffling time in January ... and you'd like a real good smoke ... there is always that one grect cigarette ... which opens the way to old-fashioned tobacco enjoyment.

•

IT'S MENTHOL-COOLED

•

SPUD CIGARETTES - 20 FOR 20c

THE AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO CO., Inc., Louisville, Ky.

à votre service!

Maids and valets—room service from the quaint Cafe Bonaparte—everything to make living easy, in these roomy and complete apartments of

1-2-3 Rooms $73

monthly upwards, unfurnished. Designed for busy and artistic people. See them now.

Beaux-Arts Apartments, Inc.
307 and 310 East 44th Street
3 blocks from Grand Central, Adjoining Tudor City
Branch office on Premises. Tel. Murray Hill 5521.
Management of
Douglas L. Elliman & Co. Inc.
15 East 49th St. Plaza 9200

FOR YOUR CONVENIENCE

THE NEW YORKER,
25 West 45th Street, New York.
Please enter my subscription to THE NEW YORKER for—
☐ 1 Year—$5.00 ☐ 2 Years—$8.00
(POSTAGE: Canada, 50c; Foreign, $1.00 additional per year)

*Name*.....

*Address*.....

Subscribers ordering a change of address are requested to notify us at least three weeks prior to the date of the issue with which it is to take effect

automobile in two-tone gray, with gray wire wheels, brown leather upholstery, and nickelled top-brackets.

After the lush boudoir effects at the Salon several weeks ago, the American makers are evidently determined to show what they can do for their more hardy patrons. Gardner exhibits an aluminum sport-tourer with green leather fittings, and Nash shows a mammoth open-air vehicle—in apricot, with red leather—that is nothing if not hospitable. It could seat four abreast in each of the front and rear seats, hold a lot of weekend bags in its compartments, and still squeeze in a late-comer, if need be.

These cars for those who like fur coats and cold noses have appeared in the lower-priced ranges, too. We were considerably arrested by the sight of a Chevrolet open car for $582, delivered in New York. It is done in gray, with light green trimmings, and has gray leather-type upholstery and cloth top-cover to match. These Chevrolet carriages, with their excellent upholstery, reminded us that Ford is well-advised to keep up with the procession. We stopped in at his Broadway showrooms and noted that his bodies have undergone modernization. Though the chassis-length remains the same, the bodies are roomier and the radiator is higher—all in all, more swank per dollar.

WE begin to fear that something must be done to counteract the feminization of motor cars. The black gloves and black gowns which now swirl near one at every night club or dance are being reflected to a marked extent in aluminum, black, and silver-trimmed automobiles. Buick's largest sedan at the Show is a jet affair with nickel trimmings; Packard is exhibiting a silver-gray sport-touring with black ventilating doors in the hood; Chrysler has a "77" closed car with resplendent nickel radiator shutters and moldings; and Cadillac's new sixteen-cylinder automobile is even displayed within the hushed confines of a space marked off by silver railings. The Cadillac, of course, is causing great comment. We do not look for any extensive rush to put more cylinders in cars, but we expect that what Fleetwood has done here will have a fair degree of influence. One notes first of all the bright nickel bumpers, which consist, both front and rear, of a simple, broad metal band, slightly convexed. The running boards are nickel-bound and the apron is relieved by several horizontal bars in a chrom-

ium finish. The body itself—we refer to the town-car model at the Show—is black, and the ventilating doors in the sides of the hood are finished in bright nickel. The engineering gadgets, in which no compromises have been made, will attract the knowing, but the emphasis on smart simplicity in the tailoring of the carriage is the car's primary significance.

Pierce-Arrow is another established house which has made an interesting experiment in chassis construction. Here there are three hundred parts, including nuts, bolts, and washers, made of stainless steel. Those who have waited while some roadside repair-shop bored out a rusted bolt will welcome this idea.

WE have always been pleased by the more daring carriages, so we were quite carried away by the new Jordan Speedway models, one in cream and the other in canary. Jordan has just gone the whole hog. The running boards are built like the cross-section of an airplane wing; the doors have strange shapes; and the instrument dial is equipped with as many knicknacks as the cockpit of an airship. The Cord bodies have verve, too.

Voisin is another novel exhibitor, showing a sedan in which the space usually taken by the rear half of the front fender is devoted to a pair of luggage-carriers.

Willys-Overland's Great Six roadster cannot be classed with these unusual cars, yet it has marked originality. One notes that the black-and-gold checker design of last year has been modified to a two-tone gray. The instrument panel is in a silvery finish, shaped chastely like the upper half of a church window.

After these various frills and furbelows in the new manner, one is brought to a thoughtful pause by Cunningham's conservative touring car. This sophisticated house knows quite well what it is doing, and the ample carriage, with its plain sides and a big, reminiscent top, has a pleasant, quiet appeal of its own. —NICHOLAS TROTT

•

Dr. Harvey James Howard . . . once wrote: "If a procession of the totally blind people in China should pass in review in single file before the President of China at the rate of 2,000 per hour without stopping day or night, the President would go without sleep for one whole month."—*Time.*

Unless, of course, he could get some sheep to do the same thing.

*Gentlemen's Clothes*

FOR SOUTHERN

AND TROPICAL RESORT WEAR

*We have originated and developed many ideas in apparel for gentlemen who dress with care and unusual distinction during their southern sojourns*

*The tailoring of these clothes for sports, day and evening wear, executed for us by Hickey-Freeman, is of the highest character*

F. R. TRIPLER & CO.

*Outfitters to Gentlemen · Established* 1886

MADISON AVENUE AT 46TH STREET · NEW YORK

THE GREENWICH VILLAGE BALL

*12th Annual Edition*

Friday, Jan. 17th
Webster Hall
119 East 11th St.
10 P. M. 'til dawn

Come all ye Revelers!—Dance the night unto dawn—come when you like, with whom you like—wear what you like—

*Unconventional? Oh, to be sure—only do be discreet!*

Tickets $2.50 in advance or $3.50 at the door
Boxes $15.00
Cynthia White, 11 Fifth Ave. Stuy. 4674

CONTINUOUS MUSIC
MIDNIGHT DIVERTISSEMENTS
COSTUME REVUE 1 A. M.

---

Connelly and Swanstrom present

JACK DONAHUE
SONS O' GUNS
LILY DAMITA
(By arrangement with Samuel Goldwyn)
ALBERTINA RASCH GIRLS
IMPERIAL THEA. 45th W. of B'WAY. EVS. 8:30 MATS. WED. & SAT. 2:30

"One of the best musical shows to come this way in several seasons."—Heywood Broun, Telegram.

---

ETHEL BARRYMORE Theatre 47th W. of B'way
Evs. 8:50 Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:30
PHILIP MERIVALE
In A Distinguished Comedy
**DEATH TAKES A HOLIDAY**
Adapted by WALTER FERRIS from the Italian of ALBERTO CASELLA

---

GEORGE WHITE'S APOLLO WEST 42d ST. | Evs. 8:30 Mats. 2:30
Pop. Mats. Wed. & Sat. $1 to $3
**GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDALS**
ALL NEW — ALL NEW

---

THRILLS—LAUGHS—NOVELTY
**5th MONTH SUBWAY EXPRESS**
*"A Study in Mob Psychology"*
LIBERTY West 42d St. Dir. A. L. Erlanger Evs. 8:50. Mats. Wed & Sat. 2:40

---

**44th ST. THEATRE** W. of B'WAY MATS THURS. & SAT.
300 GOOD BALCONY SEATS $1.00
EARL CARROLL'S New Revue of Laughs and Beauties by EDDIE CANTOR
"SKETCH BOOK"
featuring WILL MAHONEY, WILLIAM DEMAREST, THREE SAILORS, 56 PRIZE BEAUTIES

---

AVON THEATRE W. 45 St. Dir. *A. L. Erlanger* Evs. 8:50. Mats. Wed. Thurs. & Sat.
Brock Pemberton Presents
***Strictly Dishonorable***
New Comedy Hit by Preston Sturges
Staged by Antoinette Perry and Mr. Pemberton
"A fresh and jovial comedy that will tickle you."
—*George Jean Nathan, Judge*

---

**METEOR**
By S. N. Behrman
GUILD THEA. 52nd St., W. of Broadway Evgs. 8:50, Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:40

---

**RED RUST**
By Kirchon & Ouspensky
BECK THEA. 45th St. & 8th Avenue Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:40

---

**GRACE GEORGE**
in the St. John Ervine comedy
**FIRST MRS. FRASER**
with A. E. MATTHEWS
and Lawrence Grossmith
PLAYHOUSE 48th Street, East of B'way Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

---

BELASCO Theatre W. 44 St. Evs. 8:40 Matinees Thurs. & Sat. 2:40
DAVID BELASCO presents
***"It's a Wise Child"***
"A Flawless Cast"—ROBERT GARLAND *Eve. Telegram*
A Comedy by Laurence E. Johnson

---

WILLIAM HARRIS, JR. presents
*Martin Flavin's exciting prison play*
**CRIMINAL CODE**
with ARTHUR BYRON
HAS THE WHOLE TOWN TALKING
NATIONAL 41st St., W. of 7th Ave. Evs. 8:50. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

---

ALVIN THEATRE, 52 St. W. of Broadway Evs. 8:50. Mats. Wed. & Sat.
*Alex A. Aarons & Vinton Freedley's Newest Musical Comedy*
**HEADS UP!**
VICTOR MOORE — JACK WHITING — BARBARA NEWBERRY — BETTY STARBUCK
Rodgers & Hart Music

---

*A serious playwright in a light mood as the author of what The World calls,*
"One of the really touching comedies of the season."
MARTIN FLAVIN'S COMEDY
**BROKEN DISHES**
with DONALD MEEK
THEATRE MASQUE W. 45 St. Evs. 8:50 Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

---

**"TOP *SPEED*"**
with Lester ALLEN, Irene DELROY, Paul FRAWLEY, Harland DIXON and Ginger ROGERS
CHANIN'S Mats. Weds. & Sats. 2:30 46th St. Theatre. Evenings 8:30.
Balcony Seats $1, $2 & $3. NO TAX

---

MAJESTIC THEA. 44TH W. of B'way. Evs. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30
The International Musical Triumph
**A Wonderful Night**
"DIE FLEDERMAUS" By Johann Strauss
"An honester, grander and even more artistic version than Max Reinhardt's revival. It bubbles. It sparkles. It's like champagne."—*Gilbert W. Gabriel, American*

---

**BURLESQUE**

IRVING PLACE FOLLIES
FINEST BURLESQUE SHOW IN TOWN
Mat. Daily—Evgs. 8:30
IRVING PLACE THEATRE
Irving Place & 15th St.
Phone STUyvesant 6918 New York

---

EMBASSY
**THE NEWSREEL THEATRE**
BROADWAY AND 46th ST.
ANY SEAT 25¢ ANY TIME
*Continuous 10 A.M. to MIDNITE*
PRESENTING AN ALL SOUND NEWSREEL PROGRAM
Complete change of program weekly
Midnight Show every Saturday

---

CARNEGIE HALL
SUNDAY EVE. MONDAY MAT. JAN. 12-13
**BURTON HOLMES** —PRESENTS— **LONDON**
A SKILLFUL, PROVOCATIVE, PICTURE RESUMÉ FILMED DURING HER GLAMOROUS SOCIAL SEASON OF 1929.
PRICES $2.00, $1.50, $1.00 AND 50c

---

MUSICAL COMEDY HIT—BEST SEATS $4
**WOOF WOOF**
with Louise Brown, "Sunkist" Eddie Nelson
A CAST OF 100—INCLUDING
3-SCORE GORGEOUSLY BEAUTIFUL GIRLS
ROYALE Thea. 45th St. W. of B'way Evs. 8:50. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

---

Charles Dillingham *presents*
GLENN HUNTER
JUNE WALKER
in a play by Robert Emmet Sherwood
"WATERLOO BRIDGE"
Staged by WINCHELL SMITH
FULTON Thea. 46 St. W. of B'way. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

---

EVELYN LAYE in
**BITTER SWEET**
NOEL COWARD'S OPERETTE
F. Ziegfeld & Arch Selwyn Presentation of Chas. B. Cochran's Production. Nights: Mezzanine, Balc. $1, $2, $3. Thurs. & Sat. Mats. $1 to $3. No Tax. Seats at Box Office. Mail Orders with check filled.
ZIEGFELD THEATRE, 54th St. & 6th Av.

---

**STREET SCENE**
AMBASSADOR Theatre 49th St. W. of Broadway
Evgs. 8:40; Matinees Wed. and Sat. 2:30

---

JOHN GOLDEN presents
Frank Craven
in
Salt Water
JOHN GOLDEN THEATRE
W. 58 St. Evs. 8:50 Mats. Wed. & Sat., 2:30

---

**50 MILLION FRENCHMEN**
A Musical Comedy Tour of Paris
with WM. GAXTON & GENEVIEVE TOBIN
"'Fifty Million Frenchmen' happens to be just the best thing of its sort in seven or so years."
—*Gilbert Gabriel, N. Y. American*
LYRIC THEATRE W. 42nd St. Evs. 8:30 Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30
300 Good Seats $1—at Box Office

GILBERT MILLER presents
Gertrude Lawrence
IN
Candle-Light
EMPIRE THEATRE
B'WAY & 40 ST.—Eves. 8:50
Mats. Wed. & Sat. at 2:30

Journey's End
(By arrangement with Maurice Brown)
HENRY MILLER'S
THEATRE 124 W. 43 St.
Eves. 8:30, Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

Gilbert Miller & Leslie Howard's production of
Berkeley Square
By John L. Balderston
With Leslie Howard
and Margalo Gillmore
LYCEUM THEATRE
45 St. E. of B'way.
Eves. 8:50. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

Kenneth Macgowan & Joseph Verner Reed Present
BASIL SYDNEY
and MARY ELLIS in
CHILDREN
OF DARKNESS
By Edwin Justus Mayer
Biltmore THEA. 47th St. W. of B'way.
Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

Opening Next Week
HELEN MacKELLAR in
a comedy about stubborn people, by
Wilbur Daniel Steele and Norma Mitchell
WHEN HELL FROZE
With Arthur Hohl
MAXINE ELLIOTT 39th St. E. of B'way
Mats. Wed. & Sat.

Warner Bros. 2 Vitaphone Hits!
JOHN
BARRYMORE
in his first talking picture
"GENERAL CRACK"
WARNER BROS. Thea. B'way & 52d St. | Daily 2:45-8:45 Sun. 3-6-8:45
GEORGE ARLISS
in
"DISRAELI"
Matinees: Good Seats, All Prices, At Box Office
CENTRAL THEATRE B'way & 47th St. | Daily 2:45—8:45 Sun. 3-6-8:45

LEO BULGAKOV
Theatre Associates Inc. presents
AT THE BOTTOM
by MAXIM GORKY
New version by William L. Laurence
POPULAR PRICES $2.50 to 75c
Phone reservations accepted Circle 1407
WALDORF THEATRE 50th St. Bet. 6 & 7 Aves. Evenings 8:50
MATS. THURS. and SAT. 2:30

ARCH SELWYN Presents
JACK BUCHANAN
in CHAS. B. COCHRAN'S REVUE
WAKE UP AND DREAM
with JESSIE MATTHEWS TILLY LOSCH TINA MELLER
SELWYN THEATRE. 42nd St. W. of B'way
Evgs. 8:30. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

# THE CURRENT CINEMA

*Introducing a Rather Mediocre New Year*

THE early days of the new year are not made brighter by the pictures of the week. If there be augury in these showings, it is a sad one. There is Ruth Chatterton, lately so superb as Madame X, now only ordinary in "The Laughing Lady." There is Victor McLaglen, evidently now hard put to remember just how he was so triumphantly hard-boiled in "The Cock Eyed World," looking almost a softy in "Hot for Paris." Even George Bancroft undergoes one of those changes of heart in his new picture, one of those spiritual awakenings that many serious students of anthropology claim are merely the result of exhaustion.

MR. BANCROFT, however, yields the least of any to the current lassitude. "The Mighty," at the Rivoli, has its moments—one at the end, when its hero has reached the high (and dullest) point of his regeneration, has a thorough scrap in the dark, with the flash of gunfire to stir our nerves. There is an excellent comedy idea in this movie, that of a holdup man being made chief of police of a city. However, in this case the spiritual awakening—inspired, of course, by love for a good woman of local social prominence—takes the edge off the comedy and presents us merely with a chief of police who is informed of underworld doings, a situation possibly unusual but not especially funny.

THE Chatterton picture was made from the old play by Alfred Sutro, once acted by Ethel Barrymore. It is one of those social comedies concerned with the effects of scandal and the loss of reputations. What is happening to our social structure I don't know, but nothing seems to date a play so much now as the reiteration of such lines as "You will ruin my reputation"—and "The Laughing Lady" is full of them. Everybody in it has occasion to exclaim his alarms at some imminent obloquy, at the same moment behaving in such a manner as

"ah ha!" said the king of siam,

"for reading i don't give a dam, i get all my joys with the wise new yorkoise

at the rivoli—
united artists

with george bancroft in "the mighty"—in which he is taken to the cleaners—by paramount, and a sweet little gal . . . whitewashed.

at the rialto

owen wister's "the virginian," walter huston hits the dust for paramount and gary cooper—that's what all the shooting's for.

at the criterion

that most unmonotonous paramount procession "the love parade"—one little thing leading to another — lubitsch, chevalier, jeanette macdonald.

at the paramount

"the battle of paris" cole porter and gertrude lawrence, nobody gets hurt except perhaps paramount. rudy vallee on the stage and jesse crawford at the organ—at the brooklyn paramount harry richman—oh, bo where is thy sting?

luxurious and comfortable, these are

publix theatres

JUST RELEASED!

Brunswick

SONG AND DANCE RECORDINGS FROM THE MUSICAL HIT

GREAT DAY

Sung by

LIBBY HOLMAN

**Happy Because I'm in Love**—What a kiss can do to this mean, moanin' mamma! Lurid Libby admits a loss of reason in this—the confession of a conquered coquette.

**More Than You Know**—Here's Libby giving some gent a break and some thousands of Holmanites the thrill of a life-time—on Brunswick Record *No. 4613.*

*Played by*

ROGER WOLFE KAHN

*and* HIS ORCHESTRA

**Great Day**—A stampin', struttin' Fox Trot, hot with hallelujahs, delirious with jazz, and sung with all the primitive plantation fervor of William C. Elkins' Jubilee Singers.

**Without a Song**—Another Fox Trot Spiritual, played by Roger's Boys and sung by Elkins' Jubilee-ers—guaranteed to stage a revival in anyone's front parlor, salon or what have you! *No. 4600.*

to invite sure notoriety. Miss Chatterton now and again asserts her natural charm, notably when she goes to a Long Island houseparty to meet the lawyer who has so viciously assailed her character in the divorce proceedings; but there are no long moments of any sustained comedy. Only too quickly the picture sinks to the level of bad farce.

"HOT FOR PARIS" is a follow-up of the brilliant "Cock Eyed World," with McLaglen cast as a sailor who has won a million dollars in a lottery, and who thinks the men pursuing him with the cheque are detectives after him for some earlier misdemeanor. A large part of the picture takes place in Havre, and gives you just what you might expect of life in that city. There is an effort throughout to be rough—so desperate, though, that even the old pie-throwing stunt is employed. The dialogue, too, is not convincing. The sound apparatus didn't seem as expert as usual, but I thought I caught such words in the mouth of this blustering tar as "feline" and "realize." Somehow they don't seem in character. At least they are not in the tradition of such dialogue, though they may be in use. Perhaps at this very moment some worthy from the fo'-castle, temporarily relaxing in South Street, is quizzing a companion: "Do you realize her feline character?" Possibly such a query is being put, but I doubt it. And I insist that in the talkies we want our vernacular straight.

"NO, NO, NANETTE," is the customary sublimation of a musical-comedy libretto. "Tea for Two" is sung, and there are moments in color lavish enough to compete with the more spectacular offerings of this sort. "Party Girl" is a ridiculous treatise on young ladies, controlled by a "bureau," who entertain out-of-town buyers. It is a very feeble effort to be wicked under the guise of being sociological, the whole effect being softened by a seasoning of youth and romance. Up at the new Beacon Theatre, Broadway and Seventy-fourth Street, Dolores Costello and Chester Morris appeared in "Second Choice," a futile little picture of marriage and money, the scene being, of all places, Troy, New York.

—J. C. M.

•

HELEN WILLS MOODY ON 3-WEEK HONEYMOON—*Headline in the Sun.*

It's a monotonous life.

NO FOOLIN'!

*THEY'RE AT IT AGAIN*

THE FOUR

YACHT CLUB MEN

NO FOOLIN'!

*With About 'Steen New Songs of Their Own For Your Next Party*

Circle 6453

CHICK—RED—JIMMIE—GEORGE

*are also appearing at*

**The New Yacht Club**

117 W. 48 St.

FOR RESERVATIONS — LONGACRE 9550

NO FOOLIN'!

**Ambassador Grill**

for Supper

Cover Charge $1.00

Saturdays $2.00

Dinner Dancing 7:30 to 10:30

HAROLD STERN'S ORCHESTRA

Best Music in New York

Reservations: Wickersham 1000

*The* **Ambassador**

Park Avenue, at 51st Street, New York

**SHORTHAND**

SHORTHAND & TYPEWRITING IN ONE MONTH

By Prof. Miller, who taught at Columbia University FIVE YEARS

MILLER INSTITUTE OF SHORTHAND

1465 Broadway at 42nd St., N. Y. City

(This is not a Correspondence Course)

# THE ART GALLERIES

*Housewarming — The Ladies of the Academy*

MARIN is always a new experience. You about conclude that surely this artist has run his gamut and exhausted the rich vein of his inspiration; but every year he turns up with dozens of pictures, any two or three of which would suffice for a year's work.

The latest Marin show is doubly exciting, being hung perfectly in a gallery designed for him and O'Keeffe. It is the new headquarters of Alfred Stieglitz, termed An American Place, and is situated in Room 1710 of the new building at 509 Madison Avenue, corner of Fifty-third Street. In no time at all, it will take on the aura of the old Intimate Gallery of former years, and will rock and sway with the contention that always goes with art that is truly living.

Physically, the American Place consists of two rooms, so finished and arranged that the pictures are the principal occupants. The walls and floor are of an even grayness; there is not an ornamentation or architectural device to arrest the eye. The visitor will, perforce, see only the pictures. Your first entry into the room is an experience to be envied. You open the door, and there before you are the forty-seven new Marins blazing in your eyes. We doubt if the season will furnish anything quite like it in its combination of sensory and aesthetic emotions.

EVERY other year we feel brash enough to become lyrical about Marin. In the alternate years we are a bit subdued by his majesty and feel that anything we might write would be a bit futile before such burning genius. This happens to be the alternate year; but there is nothing new we can say about Marin. Needing no brief from anyone, he stands alone among the few worth-while Americans, both in the richness of his art and in his willingness to translate beauty lavishly. He never tires; he never runs short of ways of saying what he has to say. He sings, he plays, and he catches Nature on the run with those quick, fierce jabs of truth. He never champions anything save beauty, or that sense of reality which in time we have to accept as

*A Personal Schedule of Treatments to Achieve Beauty*

In Elizabeth Arden's Salon, treatments will be arranged for you personally to achieve beauty of skin and figure with the unerring accuracy for which Miss Arden is famous.

Not a minute of your time is wasted with meaningless routine. Are you looking for a waistline to match your newest frock? It will be found for you—and quickly, too—by means of special exercises Miss Arden has evolved for just this purpose.

Do you want to get back the clear, thin skin of your childhood? Correct use of the preparations, stimulation of the circulation, and diet will give it again to you.

There is no guess-work—all is sure and accurate. If you faithfully adhere to Miss Arden's counsel, the unfailing outcome will be a smooth, translucent skin, a throat young and firm, and a body curving where it should and yet lithe as a flame.

*For an appointment, please telephone Plaza 5847*

*Elizabeth Arden's Venetian Toilet Preparations are on sale at all smart shops*

ELIZABETH ARDEN

673 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

LONDON BERLIN MADRID ROME PARIS

© Elizabeth Arden, 1930

ESTABLISHED 1818

Brooks Brothers

CLOTHING

Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods

MADISON AVENUE COR. FORTY-FOURTH STREET
NEW YORK

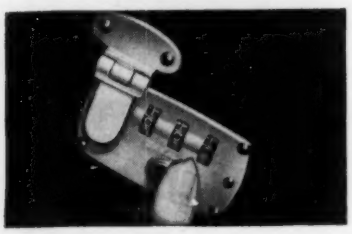
© BROOKS BROTHERS

Outfits for Winter Sport

*Send for "A Wardrobe for*
WINTER SPORT"

BRANCH STORES
BOSTON
NEWBURY CORNER OF BERKELEY STREET
NEWPORT PALM BEACH

NO KEYS TO REMEMBER—OR FORGET



WE HAVE ALL TYPES OF LUGGAGE AND NOVELTIES EQUIPPED WITH . . . . . .

SESAMEE

. . . . . KEYLESS LOCK

DALE

369 MADISON AVE., ROOSEVELT HOTEL, NEW YORK

H. HICKS & SON
INC.
675 FIFTH AVENUE
AT 53RD STREET
NEW YORK

EST. 1863 — The Fruit Shop — PLAZA 5453

A distinctive fountain service where dainty sandwiches and delicious drinks are certain to please the most discriminating.

THE SUTTON
328 East 56th Street

RESIDENTIAL Hotel for women. Each room furnished as an attractive living room with daybed, desk and lamps, where men and women friends may be entertained. Restaurant and swimming pool.

*Rates $13.50 to $16.00*

*A Distinguished Salon Where Individual Attention Is A Matter Of Course*
CHEZ MADELAINE
147 East Sixty-Second St., New York
RHINELANDER 1453
GOWNS · SPORTS WEAR · WRAPS
*Ready for Wearing*
BROOKLINE, MASS. SALON, 78 Powell Street

beauty. We discussed him with an artist, who remarked that, though an old man in years, Marin had seemed the most youthful painter in the Museum of Modern Art show. We suppose that is because all prophets are from a generation to a half-century ahead of their time. Marin, we have no doubt, will be as clear as a textbook in fifty years.

As we walked around the room we had a feeling that we would like to have seen Cézanne witnessing this blossoming of the tiny seed he planted. The master would have been the first to gasp at the limitless horizon of the American and the orderly tumultuousness of his soul. He would have caught America in these vivid strokes more quickly than he could have on a tour of our teeming cities and uncouth countryside.

The pieces are numbered, and some have names. We liked what we felt was a new mood in "From Road to West Point, Maine," and we thought there was an echo of Van Gogh in "Sun and Gray Sea." Number 21, "Sea Piece," is vibrant with strength, and "Marin Island" is something that can be looked at for hours.

As we said, we envy those who have this experience before them.

THE way you distinguish the men's annual offering at the National Academy from the women's is by the fact that the gentler folk rent a lot of palms and group them around the room. The thirty-ninth annual exhibition of women painters and sculptors is now on, and a more dreary affair hasn't been seen since the last one. They have less canvas than the men at their disposal, and more fears. Consequently, this group trots along in the shadow of the great big men, painting Indians and pots and pans, and now and then a nude without planes.

One bright spot is the "Phalere" of G. Gallibert, a sort of Dufyesque piece. Minnetta Good shows some promise, and so does Georgina Klitgaard. We liked the naïveté of Ellen Ravenscroft, and thought Bertha Menzler Peyton should read Freud.

SEVERAL art books have come our way. As handsome a job as has been done in America of late is "Etchings and Lithographs of Arthur B. Davies," published by Mitchell Kennerley. It has been edited by Frederick Newlin Price and is a comprehensive record of Davies' work. "Modigliani," compiled by Maude Dale for Knopf, is a fine

collectors' item. The fifth volume of "Pictorial Photography of America and Pictorial Photographers of America" is the handbook of those who work with the camera. A rather sappy, sophomoric view of the great El Greco is the basis of a volume called "Bird of God," by Virginia Hersch, published by Harper. It will be a pity if this book keeps others from giving us a clear record of El Greco in print.

HERE AND THERE: Ward Lockwood, Lucile Blanch, and Herbert Morgan are holding an exhibit at the Whitney Studio Galleries. . . . The Despiau show at the Fifty-sixth Street Galleries closes Saturday, January 11. So do the Sava Bótzaris and José De Creeft exhibits there. . . . A. G. Warshawsky's vivid canvases are on view at the Newhouse Galleries. . . . Angèle Watson has a show at the Babcock Galleries. . . . Louis J. Borgo has landscapes in oils and pastels at Ehrich's. . . . New York University has added twenty-one new pictures to its collection, the Gallery of Living Art. This group is growing in importance every day. . . . Stewart MacDermott has a show on at the Milch Galleries. . . . John A. Dix is exhibiting at the American Art Association, Anderson Galleries. . . . Daniel's is wavering between Kuniyoshi and a Peter Blume show. In the meantime, it is exhibiting its group of Americans. . . . Macy has an exhibition of young Americans, to continue through January. . . . Gianni Parenti has a show at Durand-Ruel. —M.P.

•

## THE GENERAL

Because I was a great man
They cast me in bronze after death,
Military, superb, fronting the Universe
With a drawn sword.
No wonder I frown so ferociously
Looking supremely silly
Here in the dead of winter
With an icicle on my nose
And one miserable sparrow sitting
On the tip of the drawn sword.
Victory? Bah!

—PERSIS GREELY ANDERSON

•

Cut about ¼ loaf of French bread into thin slices and dry out in oven. Pour soap into earthen casserole, put bread on top, sprinkle with ¼ cup grated cheese and set in oven long enough to brown the cheese.—*Pittsburgh (Pa.) Sun Telegraph.*

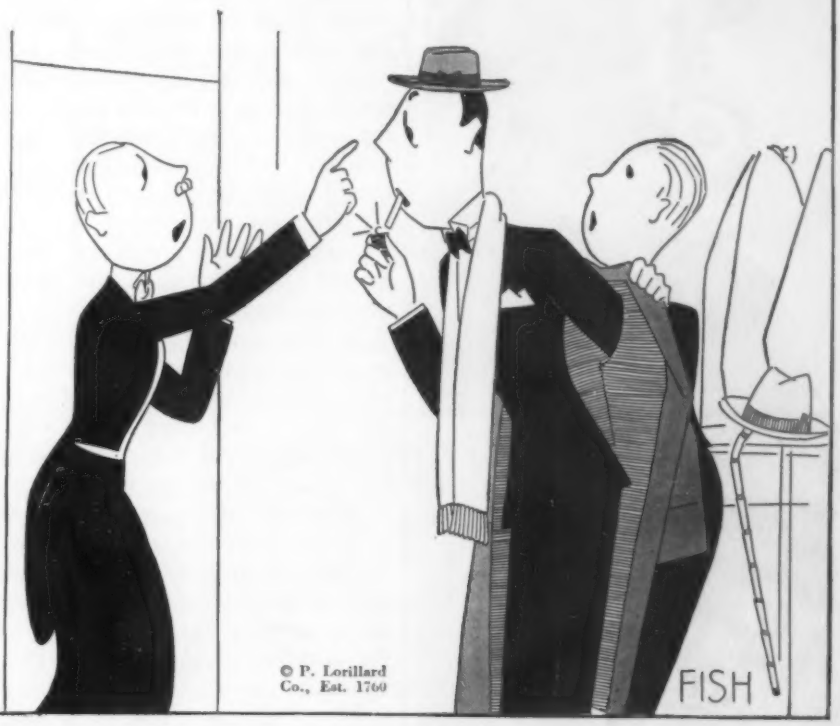
Leave it there too, for all we care.


EMBARRASSING MOMENTS

Instead of explaining

that you thought the hat was yours . . .

*be nonchalant* . . . LIGHT A MURAD.



STILL WATERS

*A murder mystery of State Troopers*
*by* FREDERIC F. VAN DE WATER

An exciting and colorful drama of modern crime... by the famous novelist and authority on New York State Police. *At your bookseller . . . now . . . $2.00.*

CRIME CLUB INC.

just your favorite 15¢ cigar divided by ten

. . . To fit your briefer smoking moments . . . and to save you the cost of half-wasted cigars.

BETWEEN THE ACTS
LITTLE CIGARS
10 for 15¢

© P. L. Co.

If dealer can't supply you, send 15¢ to P. Lorillard Company, 119 West 40th Street, New York City.

# RECENT BOOKS

*Derelicts — Blushes from Russia —Octopuses—Tabloid Romance*

THE books of the week are largely concerned with the monsters of the lower depths. As an antidote to the holiday spirit, life is real and life is earnest and you have your choice of the jailbirds of Jim Tully, the Russian ladies of little joy in "Yama," or, as a real treat, Victor Berge's man-eating Polynesian octopus.

Personally I liked best Mr. Tully's "Shadows of Men," a collection of stories about the congenital misfits of life. Of course, any of Mr. Tully's books must be recommended with reservations; you either like them or you throw them out of the window. Nevertheless, whether you take him or leave him, Mr. Tully is a born story-teller. He writes because he is naturally articulate and dramatic, and for the decidedly Irish pleasure of amusing, shocking, and stimulating you.

In "Shadows of Men," Mr. Tully, as usual, is concerned with bums, and tells about them as simply and as casually as a man talking about a lot of unruly dogs. All of Mr. Tully's hardness is on the surface of his writing; he has none of the set sensationalism of your journalist making copy of desperate characters. He is not astonished or horrified that a man happens to be a murderer or a thief, and he sees the criminal streak as only a part of a complex nature.

Mr. Tully's writing is gaining in poise and intelligence. He is losing a certain bad-boy boastfulness and is achieving a critical attitude toward his experiences and the life that has raged around him. In "Shadows of Men," for instance, he writes of twisted mentalities and psychopathic cases with really shrewd psychological insight into the individual tragedies. One sketch, "A Lighter of Flames," is the story of a pyromaniac, and it is a sound and excellent study in mania and in the law's obsolete way of treating an antisocial tendency. Whether he likes it or not, Mr. Tully is forgetting his earlier pugnacious attitude of a hobo gone literary, and is emerging as an accurate, sympathetic social observer. After all the recent fuss about prison rebellion, you will find better criticism of penal conditions in "Shadows of Men" than in a thousand newspaper editorials and feature stories.

AT this late day I am delighted to know that I can still blush. For the first hundred pages of "Yama: The Pit" I blushed constantly, and then the inevitable boredom set in and I had to force myself through the rest of Alexandre Kuprin's novel of life in a Russian disorderly house.

"Yama," issued in Russia some years ago, is now published in a revised form by its translator, Bernard Guilbert Guerney. It is dedicated to Mothers and Youths. You can see it is out to save souls. It is, for all its depressing narrative, a sound novel in the best Russian manner. Mr. Kuprin is honestly and sincerely angry at the sordidness and wastefulness of vice. He has that tendency to pornography inherent in the souls of most reformers. When he sets out to show you the blackness of commercialized vice, he goes at it with the relentless thoroughness of the true missionary. That's why I blushed over "Yama" as I haven't blushed since I heard one of Billy Sunday's sermons.

But after all—and I say this with due regard to the literary merit of the novel—muckraking, no matter how well meant and well presented, is just a little out of date. It smacks of the

Society's Favorites!
*Famous Parisian Personalities*
**Florence**
-{HERSELF}-
"KID" SNEEZE
OPAL COOPER
SAMMY RICHARDSON
*and the entire Chez Florence atmosphere transplanted from Paris, including her own Parisian Orchestra and the Argentine Tango Orchestra.*
Nightly from 10 to Dawn
—at the—
**Salon Royal**
310 WEST 58th ST.
*Remember there is no 3 A.M. closing at the Salon Royal*
Phone Columbus 6191

**A Home-Like Hotel**

YOU will agree that this delightfully home-like hotel is one of America's finest. Its congenial atmosphere, its food and its service will make your stay a pleasant one.
POWERS HOTEL
Rochester, N. Y.
*under same management*
600 Rooms $3.00 up
HOTEL SYRACUSE
SYRACUSE, N. Y.

*Where the clientele is selected—*
PRINCESS HOTEL
BERMUDA
Open December 16
Cable Address: Princess, Bermuda
Summer and Fall Resort
HOTEL ASPINWALL, Lenox, Mass.

glorious days of twenty-five years ago when white-slave exposés were rampant. And what a lot of fun they were! So "Yama" is only for the very naïve or the incurably pious—and I am neither.

WHAT ho for a nice clean fight with an octopus! After "Yama" I was delighted to read the charming adventures of Mr. Victor Berge in the South Seas. "Pearl Diver" was ghosted by Henry Wysham Lanier, to whom Mr. Berge told his singular but entirely credible experiences. It is the sort of book that would make a boy save his pennies to buy a diving suit and a lugger. Mr. Berge has some great stories to tell about islands of the South Seas which you will have difficulty in finding on the map. In fact, my only quarrel with the book, as with so many other travel tales, is that there are no charts to guide you through Mr. Berge's geographical wanderings. However, Mr. Berge is fascinating when he describes the technique of extracting pearls from oysters. He is pleasant, too, in writing about his friendship with the natives. One of the best qualities of his book is its beautiful absence of any trace of insufferable white-man superiority.

"YOUNG MAN OF MANHATTAN," by Katharine Brush, is as easy to read as a tabloid. Miss Brush writes gaily and excitingly of current events and characters of the moment. Against the inevitable romance of a light-fiction young man and another one of those girls, she describes a rich and dazzling background of the New York life you find in the movies and on the front pages. Miss Brush gathers up all that is gay, romantic, and picturesque in what is loosely known as modern life and crams it all into her book. Her book is glib, expert, and amusing—and oh, how much more fun than "Yama"!

—A. W. S.

•

## AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

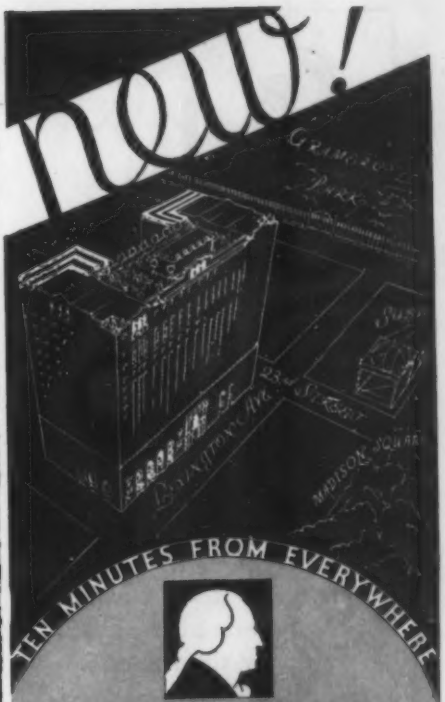
### FICTION

SHADOWS OF MEN, by Jim Tully (*Doubleday, Doran*). Stories of the men who fill prisons, told effectively and with shrewd sympathy.

YOUNG MAN OF MANHATTAN, by Katharine Brush (*Farrar & Rinehart*). Gay and expert light fiction.

CORONET, by Manuel Komroff (*Coward-McCann*). The adventures of the crown of aristocracy from Renaissance Florence to modern Chicago. A first-rate novel.

A GALLERY OF WOMEN, by Theodore Drei-



TEN MINUTES FROM EVERYWHERE
Unprecedented Values!
HOTEL-SERVICED
SINGLE-ROOM HOMES
$12.50 to $17.50 weekly
No lease required
• • • •
630 completely furnished outside rooms, each with private bathroom. Planned for the man or woman of cultured tastes. Luxurious public rooms. Popular priced restaurant. The remarkable living-values compel an inspection!
• • • •
Also Charming
HOUSEKEEPING SUITES
. . . in the adjoining George Washington Studio Apartment Building. Suites of 3 or more rooms . . . furnished or unfurnished . . . complete kitchens . . . All Hotel facilities available to residents. Attractive rates. Long or short term lease.
• • • •
Operated by
Barth Hotels Corporation
A STEP FROM GRAMERCY PARK
THE George Washington
RESIDENTIAL HOTEL
23 Lexington Ave. at 23rd St

ser (*Liveright*). Profound analysis of the modern feminine soul.

ANCESTOR JORICO, by William J. Locke (*Dodd, Mead*). Sprightly adventure story about a treasure hunt.

JOE PETE, by Florence E. McClinchey (*Henry Holt*). A thoroughbred Ojibway boy makes the grade.

HUDSON RIVER BRACKETED, by Edith Wharton (*Appleton*). The problem of a young American genius surveyed by one of our best social critics.

LAUGHING BOY, by Oliver La Farge (*Houghton Mifflin*). A really beautiful idyll of Navajo life.

THE MAURIZIUS CASE, by Jacob Wassermann (*Liveright*). A powerful social drama, brilliantly presented.

THE EMBEZZLERS, by Valentine Kataev (*Dial Press*). Russian literature returns to civilization with a gorgeous farce.

LOOK HOMEWARD, ANGEL, by Thomas Wolfe (*Scribner*). Vigorously written tragedy of youth in the New South.

ULTIMA THULE, by Henry Handel Richardson (*Norton*). A novel of real importance.

A FAREWELL TO ARMS, by Ernest Hemingway (*Scribner*). Love story surrounded by the war—and modern writing at its best.

HARRIET HUME, by Rebecca West (*Doubleday, Doran*). Richly beautiful writing.

FUGITIVE'S RETURN, by Susan Glaspell (*Stokes*). Worth a half-dozen smug, contented novels.

THE WAY OF ECBEN, by James Branch Cabell (*McBride*). Mr. Cabell's farewell to mythology, with a revealing curtain speech by the author.

DEATH OF A HERO, by Richard Aldington (*Covici, Friede*). Why a man preferred being a dead soldier in France to being a live artist in London.

SHORT AS ANY DREAM, by Elizabeth Shepley Sergeant (*Harper*). A rare achievement—a real and sympathetic study of a New England family.

### MYSTERIES

STILL WATERS, by Frederic F. Van de Water (*Crime Club*). . . . THE POISONED CHOCOLATES CASE, by Anthony Berkeley (*Crime Club*). . . . THE BLACK, by Edgar Wallace (*Crime Club*). . . . THE CLUE OF THE SECOND MURDER, by John Stephen Strange (*Doubleday, Doran*). . . . FLEUR DE LYS, by J. G. Sarasin (*Doubleday, Doran*). . . . NICHOLAS GOADE, DETECTIVE, by E. Phillips Oppenheim (*Little, Brown*). . . . CLUES OF THE CARIBBEES, by T. S. Stribling (*Doubleday, Doran*).

### GENERAL

PEARL DIVER, by Victor Berge and Henry Wysham Lanier (*Doubleday, Doran*). How pearls get from oysters to necklaces. Good adventure book.

FOR THE DEFENCE: THE LIFE OF SIR EDWARD MARSHALL HALL, by Edward

*"Come on, Slowpoke! I've Beaten You by Whole Minutes!"*

**How is this possible? The female of the species is *readier* than the male!**

Very simple, really. Hubby's traditional right to wait and glower has been usurped by the heroine's new discovery . . . a compact, complete re-beautifying system that increases her appeal while it halves the time she used to spend before her mirror! Reversed is the social order, since she learned about

Lucille Dollee Beauty Aids

SPEED! Now *any* busy woman can get ready for *any* social function in a fraction of the time formerly required. Just the FEW, the BASIC toiletries really needed . . . and how these scientific preparations do bring out feminine charm and beauty!

*to be had at*
B. ALTMAN & CO.
FRANKLIN SIMON & CO.
SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE

Ambassador
HOTEL
PALM BEACH
Opens
January 15th
THE NEW
AMBASSADOR BEACH
Now Completed
Surf Bathing Swimming Pool
Cabanas and Sun Decks
MAKE RESERVATIONS NOW
New York Booking Office
AMBASSADOR HOTEL
Park Avenue at 51st Street
Wickersham 1000
and
THE AMBASSADOR HOTELS
ATLANTIC CITY and LOS ANGELES

*Personal Appearance of*
RUDY VALLÉE
AND HIS CONNECTICUT YANKEES
At His Beautiful Supper Club
VILLA VALLÉE
"10 EAST" 60TH STREET
*Supper and Dancing*
FORMAL
DINNER and DANCING
Prefixed Price of $3. or à la carte
SATURDAY TEA DANCES IN VOGUE
RESERVATIONS PHONE JEAN VOLUNTEER 0351

The Newest Vogue In Sweets—
"Candy From Flowers"
HONEY-MAID
PURE HONEY
CANDIES
THE HONEY CANDY CO. OF AMERICA
The Albert N. Duker Organization
New York Distributor, 140 William St.

Marjoribanks, M.P. (*Macmillan*). Courtroom dramas of famous criminals in a book that is incidentally the biography of the "Apollo of Old Bailey."

AMBROSE BIERCE, by Carey McWilliams (*A. & C. Boni*). Sane and sympathetic writing about a man who became a myth. Facts plus good critical observations.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, by Raymond Holden (*Minton, Balch*). The character growth of Lincoln from politician to genius. Good critical analysis.

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF LADY HAMILTON, by Albert Flament, translated by Louis Arthur Cunningham (*Carrier*). A Frenchman falls in love with Emma and paints an enthusiastic portrait.

MYRON T. HERRICK, by Colonel T. Bentley Mott (*Doubleday, Doran*). Excellent biography of a worthy successor to Benjamin Franklin.

FOOTLIGHTS ACROSS AMERICA, by Kenneth Macgowan (*Harcourt, Brace*). Extensive and very readable history of the Little Theatre Movement.

EXCUSE IT, PLEASE, by Oliver Herford (*Lippincott*). Mr. Herford's rhymes of telephone girls and crocodiles.

A DAUGHTER OF THE MEDICIS, by Jean H. Mariéjol (*Harper*). A sixteenth-century lady who knew what the moderns preach.

TOLSTOY, THE INCONSTANT GENIUS, by Alexander I. Nazaroff (*Stokes*). The story of a magnificently mad man.

TWELVE AGAINST THE GODS, by William Bolitho (*Simon & Schuster*). The lives of a dozen renowned adventurers, including not only Lola Montez and Casanova but Alexander the Great as well—and even Woodrow Wilson.

IS SEX NECESSARY?, by James Thurber and E. B. White (*Harper*). A more than funny burlesque of those sex books.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AMERICA, edited by Mark Van Doren (*A. & C. Boni*). John Smith, P. T. Barnum, Black Ulysses, and seventy-seven others tell the story of America.

KING SPIDER, by D. B. Wyndham Lewis (*Coward-McCann & Edwin V. Mitchell*). Lively pageant of fifteenth-century France.

PETER THE GREAT, by Georges Oudard, translated by F. M. Atkinson (*Payson & Clarke*). Biography of the Russian Czar that is as exciting as a novel.

FRANCIS RABELAIS, by Albert Jay Nock and C. R. Wilson (*Harper*). Scholarly, critical portrait of a great humanist.

HANNA, by Thomas Beer (*Knopf*). Not a cartoon, but a portrait. The man as a human being.

MARRIAGE AND MORALS, by Bertrand Russell (*Liveright*). One of the finest minds of our time examines the problem.

QUEEN ELIZABETH, by Katharine Anthony (*Knopf*). Close-up of Henry's little girl.

THE INCREDIBLE MARQUIS, by Herbert S. Gorman (*Farrar & Rinehart*). The gay and romantic life of Alexandre Dumas.

MRS. EDDY, by Edwin Franden Dakin (*Scribner*). Home life of a prophetess.

PETER ARNO'S PARADE (*Liveright*). Drawings which need no recommendation.

THE SECOND NEW YORKER ALBUM (*Doubleday, Doran*). Of course.

THE GLUYAS WILLIAMS BOOK (*Doubleday, Doran*). Also of course.

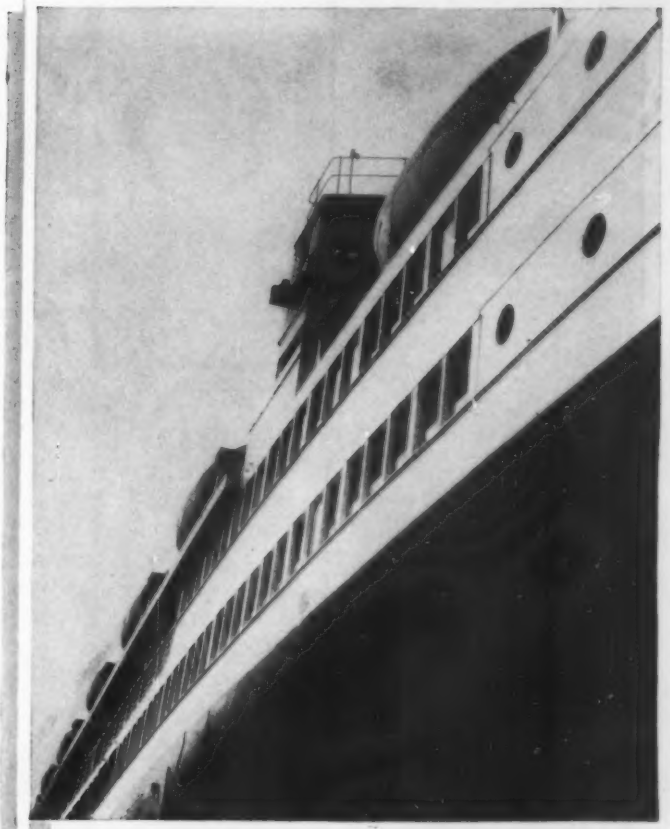
•

### NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[*From the World*]

Justice McCook also directed the jury to answer "no" to the charge that Arnold, disguised as the Newport Engineering Company, had maintained a home for Mrs. West at Crestwood, N.Y.


TO MIAMI AND HAVANA



A glorious winter journey with new refinements of equipment and service. Good taste everywhere—spacious lounges—tempting food—concerts and dancing—deck sports—a book in a big easy chair or just watching the sea—bridge to your heart's content—these ships really entertain while performing the delightful task of getting you there.

¶ Direct express service New York to Miami. Daily over night service between Miami and Havana, January to April. Attractive all expense New York-Miami-Havana Tours including steamer accommodations, hotels and sight-seeing trips. Also tri-weekly service New York to Jacksonville, calling at Charleston. Automobiles carried on all Steamers. For complete information apply 545 5th Ave., or Pier 36, North River, New York, or any authorized Tourist Agent.

CLYDE-MALLORY Lines

# COME IN-

## *the water's fine!*

THE calamity howlers would have us believe the country is headed straight for the bow-wows and that quota will be a mighty rare bird in 1930.

That kind of talk might disconcert a novice, but we know the old timers, with clear heads and steady eyes are going right out after the bag limit.

There were 58 new users of color page advertising in The American Weekly during 1929.

The American Weekly will carry more advertising and show a greater circulation during 1930 than during any previous year in its history.

Twelve additional new advertisers have already bought color page space in The American Weekly for 1930 and advance orders for 1930 are hundreds of thousands of dollars ahead of what they were last year at this time.

This, despite the fact that during 1929 this great magazine broke all lineage records and passed the six million circulation mark, the record circulation for all publications for all time.

This marks the third consecutive year for lineage and circulation increases and *1930 will be the fourth record year.*

The astonishing thing is not that The American Weekly has registered the largest gains in the entire magazine field, but that even more advertisers have not seen the cold logic of using this publication as a major medium.

Business is not going to the bow-wows, but the wise old timer is going to use the maximum load and a full choked barrel.

Think of it! For $16,000 you can buy a color page in The American Weekly—a page nearly three times the size of any other magazine page—and reach one-fourth of the entire buying population of America!

For The American Weekly is read by more than 6,000,000 families located in the country's richest buying centers and you can reach this tremendous market at a cost of less than ⅓ cent per family.

How can you invest your 1930 advertising dollars more effectively than to spend them for space in the medium that reaches the most people, and the best people, at the lowest cost?

Come in, the water's fine!

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

*Greatest Circulation in the World*

*Main Office:* 9 East 40th Street, New York City

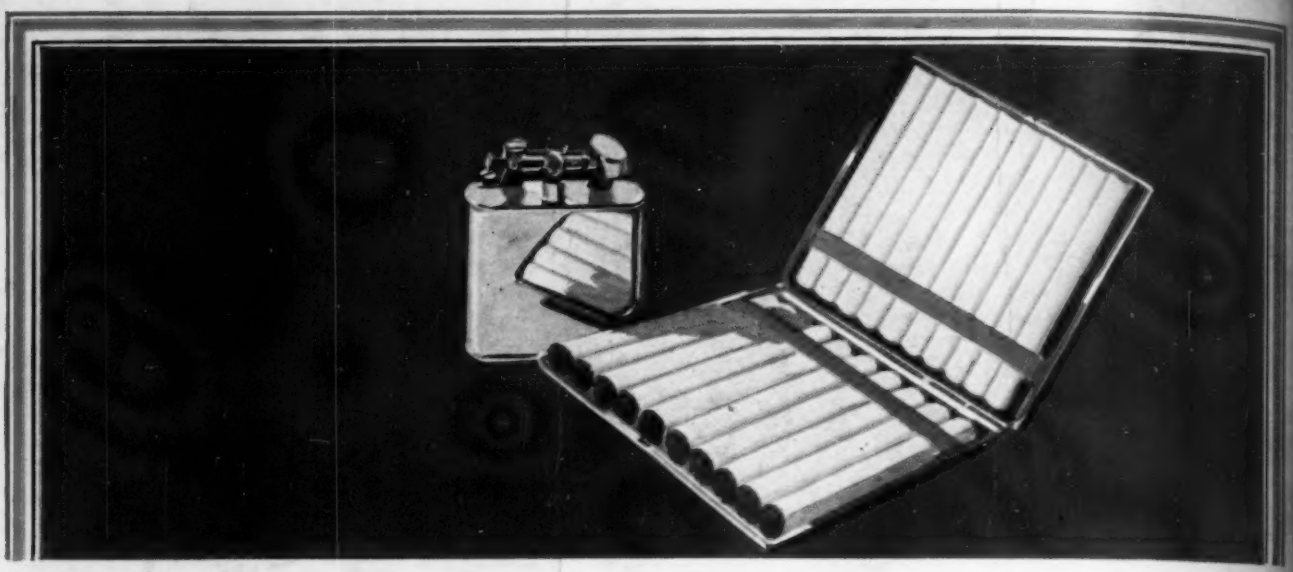
*Branch Offices:* Wrigley Bldg., Chicago . . . 5 Winthrop Square, Boston . . . 753 Bonnie Brae, Los Angeles . . . 222 Monadnock Bldg., San Francisco . . . 12-231 General Motors Bldg., Detroit . . . 1138 Hanna Bldg., Cleveland . . . 101 Marietta St., Atlanta

A TYPICAL VALUE OF THE NEW 1930 DODGE FLEET ◂ THE 25-FOOT RUNABOUT ◂ 125 H.P. ◂ 32 MILES AN HOUR ◂ $2,500

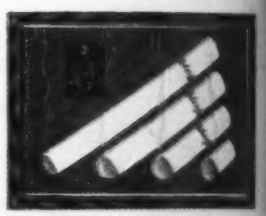
DEPENDABILITY ◂ ◂ ◂ beauty ◂ ◂ ◂ then greater power and speed ◂ ◂ ◂ and now lower than ever costs ◂ ◂ ◂ Viewing the trim beauty of the new Dodge fleet ◂ ◂ ◂ who would believe that boats so fine could be built at such low costs? ◂ ◂ ◂ Yet could you but look down upon the great new modern plant that edges Hampton Roads ◂ ◂ ◂ where Dodge master craftsmen have applied modern quantity production methods to boat building ◂ ◂ ◂ then you could understand why Dodge can give such unmatched value ◂ ◂ ◂ such unchallenged quality ◂ ◂ ◂ Choose from many new models ◂ ◂ ◂ closed and open ◂ ◂ ◂ from the sixteen-foot runabout to the forty-five foot cruiser ◂ ◂ ◂ Prices start at $945.

# DODGE BOATS

HORACE E. DODGE BOAT AND PLANE CORPORATION, SALES OFFICE, 8 EAST 52nd STREET, NEW YORK CITY



TO transfer Raleigh from its own clever packet to a social contrivance of irreproachable gold will not improve the blended flavor of the cigarette . . it would not startle Raleigh, who was born something of an aristocrat; it will probably not protect the cigarettes' plump, smooth freshness quite as well as Raleigh's own case. . However, stone walls *do not* a prison make, nor golden cases a *perfect* even smoke. *Transfer it, if you like.*



*Brown and Williamson Tobacco Corporation*
LOUISVILLE . . KENTUCKY